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cover: Robert Kelly

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Stan Brakhage:

GEORGES MELIES

Now let me say it to you -- simply as I can: the search for an art ... either in the making or the appreciation ... is the most terrifying adventure imaginable: it is a search always into unexplored regions; and it threatens the soul with terrible death at every turn; and it exhausts the mind utterly; and it leaves the body moving, moving endlessly, thru increasingly unfamiliar terraine: there is NO hope of return from the territory discovered by this adventuring; and there is NO hope of rescue from the impass where such a search may leave one stranded.

It is not without cause that parents shudder when a child of theirs expresses the wish to become an Artist: they will, of course, do everything in their power to protect the child from such a fate!: they will even send him to institutes, such as this college, which will create phony arts, and phony art appreciation, to distract him ... just as they will send the young explorer to the safe jungles of Disneyland -- or those of the T. V. movie, etc. -- to undermine any real adventuring: the society will, in fact, distort the whole meaning of the word "appreciation" ... confusing it with "voyeurism" ... to tame the energies of any active involvement: for real aesthetic appreciation runs exactly the same hazards as art-creation -- leads, as surely, to what society calls "madness" as any creative making: (you may find this hard to believe, but only because we have less example of real attendence to art, in our culture, than of creativity ... thus an even phonier idea of 'audience' than of "artist" ... an ideology of many millions who imagine they appreciate -- who are as silly, in such imagination, as would be a drunken group of mountain climbers scaling the papier-mache rock sets on the back-lot of a Hollywood studio.)

If you accept the full adventure of this course, you will surely lose your mortal soul!: you will be tortured by demons (physically pained by them, tickled to death by them, mentally anguished to the point of suicidal thought): you will be stretched to the orders of angels more terrible than demonic force, set tasks by them beyond all comprehension or imaginable accomplishment: you will be changed so that your mother will never recognize you, so that your father will disown you, your friends betray you, your loved-one live in terror of you ...:

... but, then, all these things will happen anyway -- so what have you to lose? ...

You have nothing to gain, either: for this, like all real adventures, is purposeless -- i. e.: ... its impulse is beyond any purposeful definition -- its achievements are cosmic ... comic, if you like that term better ... but, anyway, of no reasonable order: (it is fashionable for art adventurers, these days, to say they are after knowledge or fun or escape, even: but these terms are sheerly as symbolic a claim as the term "gold" was for centuries of explorers): ... "for the hell of it", will do, as explanation, as well as any

other: for "hell" comes first, just as in Dante's adventure: and most so, alas, get stuck there, beyond rescue --: hell comes first in all sequence ... (imagine Dante entering, first, what he called heaven ...: would it not, in that order, have been hellish?): and most have always got stuck early in whatever endeavor or non-endeavor: be advised, then, that, if you fall behind, no one will wait for you; but no one will wait for you if you move ahead, either, nor where-nor-howsomever you wander: any true sense of company will occur as rarely as Maxwell's Demon: the demons of art will make you know this, you desperate loneliness -- they will make you know this, and all truth, by telling you lies: ... ("He who seeks the truth must, as far as possible, doubt everything", as Descartes put it): you will wander in hallways of real objects looking as if they were mirrored.

If this all sounds like 19th century rhetoric -- be advised that it IS of the orders of 19th century rhetoric ...: I am introducing George Méliès tonight, and thus the 19th century beginning of motion picture art.

Let me than present a fictional biography of Méliès -- an historical novel, so to speak -- whereat I, as demonstrator, lie to you ... tell a tale, as it's called ... in order to get at the truth: my story, of course, its based on facts: however a fact about unexplored territory cannot be anything but misleading: I present, therefore, a fiction that is IN fact: if you follow, we begin advent -- adventuring ... touring the interior of a den of light, a cave of white darkness, shadow splotched with the dappled movements of illuminating black, a 4-squared corridor widening from its entrance into this room -- the gate of that projector -- to an 'impossible' chamber (of the imagination) ... the flat 'cube' of the screen ... and branching out, therefrom, to become that complex of tunnels best referred to as The Labyrinth, each terminus of which, in the spirals of the spin-of-light behind every pair of eyes -- every single eye-gate -- in this room, in the gray hills and valleys of each brain present, holds a (thus) many-headed host of terrible monsters ... The Hydra, considered as a singularity, which we all (therefore) somehow share amidst a tangle of dangerous angel hair -- that electrical thought-glass which cuts instinctual nerve to pieces ("doth make cowards of us all" inheriting Hamlet's problem) in this the most forbidding, and utterly foreign, land shape of all.

Young George, then -- already defeated by some-such creatures as we can begin to imagine, on the barren planet of his foetal mind ... completely overwhelmed, torn to pieces, before what-we-would-call his 'birth' -- begins, as a child, to invent a spirit-of-himself which will revenge him ... a hero who will FREE the wickedly enchanted -- or otherwise destroyed -- pieces of his actual being, cause the monsters to dis-gorge the parts of his actuality; and young George, perhaps later then, begins to imagine a heroine who will restore him, a woman who will sew together or otherwise re-member his actual being: but he cannot quite imagine the woman as loving him, once remembered, rather than the hero of his invention -- cannot imagine her as anything either than heroine (to go with the hero) and/or Mother of him-George ... cannot visualize her as other than spirit-force (unless she oe Mother-again -- wherein he be dismembered as once before). George finds his first hopeful solution to this dilemma at a magic show whereat impossible things happen and all contradictions therefore resolve in the hands of the able magician.

George himself decides to become just such a magician; but first he must make the hero, of his invention, a magician. As he is imagining the woman (rather than inventing her), she will always be victim of this magic -- subject to the transformations of it: thus young George hopes to have power over her equal to her necessary ability to re-member and, as Mother then, to re-store him. He must also manage some ultimate magic for his actual being which can defeat the magic he gives the hero-of-his-invention; and he begins, therefore, to create a demon-self (of himself-imagined-restored) who can tear his hero to pieces as he foetally once was; and he must, of course in all this desperate plotting, manage to conceal all knowledge of the demonic invention from the heroic invention until the proper time (when he is all-of-a-piece) to spring his monster-self from amoush upon his hero. He must, additionally, conceal his 'dark-side', as it's called, from imaginings of the heroine, because it is necessary she love the hero, up-to-a-point ... (i. e.: until she has fulfilled her remembrance of actual him -- a very tricky matter because demonic-George must end up as part-and-parcel with foetal-George remembered: otherwise George will simply have invented another monster to turn on him once his rescuing hero has been defeated: and the woman, in his imaginings, must thus be very stupid and therefore easily tricked in the midst of her greatest magic -- or else ... as George thinks better ... she must be too purely good, too utterly filled with 'sweetness and light' to even recognize the bitter black monstrousness of the dark-side of her own sewing; and, even later then -- at hero's death -- she must be too naive to recognize the evil parcel as being of the parts of actual George-restored.)

Hyenas laugh rather than growl -- humans, too ...: and George soon discovers humor (that term almost synonymous, sound-wise, with human ... and meaning, in exact english sound-synonym, to trick madness -- i. e. "to humour him") ... humor, then, as powerful magic of duplicity ... humor, that traditional field of endeavor whereby one elicits bared teeth in the form of a smile which appears opposite of that vicious threat it, thus, conceals -- reveals deadly fangs, even, the broader it spreads to say, say, "friend" ... breaks into the "foe's" bark of "friendly" laughter as it reaches the height of duplicity: and young George decides to master this powerful magic to most perfectly conceal his dreadful intentions, so that he can perform all his other tricks in the contradictory milieu of elicited snarls, growls, barks, and general roaring laughter of his utterly 'fooled' audience.

There is an historical reason George must master the trick of humor before all other magics: he was born in France, mid 19th-century skepticism: audiences were no longer incredulous about magic: the day of the serious shaman was long past (for that present, at least): and even the progressive magic of Science (i. e. -- that craftsmanship of technical witchery ... mechanical alchemy ... which awed a previous generation) was becoming suspect as a closed, and completely explicable, system: the late 19th century magician either laughed with the audience, conditioning thus its laughter, or was laughed off the stage: audiences were no longer subject to the traditional 'enchantment' ... were no longer seriously 'charmed'.

George discovered that essential madness, of the 19th century, that needed to be "humoured"; when he was in his teens -- at a time when his own incredulity was breaking under the weight of accumulated knowledge: and, by this time, he was managing to conceal his heroic and demonic inventions from any knowledge his parts had of each other, and to exclude both from any imaginings of woman; and it was too, at this teen-time he began surely studying that master stage magician of all time: the great Houdini (not to be confused with his American imitator half-a-century later) -- Houdini, the man who embodied the fullest traditional development of this centuries-old, specifically European, form of shamanism-as-entertainment ... the man who does, now, represent the culmination of that form of magic -- whose name is synonymous with it.

George began to study this tradition because he felt the need to prove the magic, he'd endowed his hero with, in public -- and ultimately to stage the triumph of his hero over primal monsters before an audience ... thus to exteriorize the battle which his foetal-self had lost on interior grounds. What he did not, at first, realize was that only monsters of his own making would ever appear under his staged direction: like the shaman with his "rain dance", George hoped his mock battles would precipitate the "real" one, and that it would follow the orders of his repeated invention -- that his mechanical manipulations, his tricks, would transform into the orders of phenomenal magic when the actual combat began ... and all in the secure surrounds of attendant company/audience.

All the stories of his childhood, all myths, and most so-called "fantasy" books since, had informed him that he was not alone in having the dreadful experience of foetal dismemberment: these tales constituted a history of the various partial successes, and the ultimate failure -- so far -- in human confrontation with the seemingly endless host of monsters on the alien plain (as it was usually pictured in paintings) with that distant mountain range, marking horizon, wherefrom three shadows, moving toward him, had pressaged the primal destructive assault ... and that craggy valley (a specialty of Medieval 'oils') where his captive being was tortured ... and that cave where he was torn to pieces --: all these images he shared, in their various forms, with many other men who had created heros to return there for their deliverence ... or had made maps, like vast battle plans, of the foreign territory -- portraits, like "wanted" posters, of the demons to be slain -- "rain dances" of language and oil paint in terrified sympathetic magic hopefully predicting the success of the hero.

And George, raised in the Christian tradition, could not help but also think that if once one man's hero could take upon himself these demons of 'The World', that then they would cease to exist, in their various but clearly-related forms, for all men -- could not help but think of each member of the audience as also a symbol of the disembodied fragments of this horrible drama, which -- could it ever be made to surface -- would be recognized by each, each lending his hero to the necessary battle.

George did not consciously think all this out, as he began his career as a stage magician, because his further aim (of attaining some whole being again) necessitated the concealment of one part of his invented nature from another.

Because both inventions had to be concealed from the woman of his imaginings, sex was only conceivable to him (as most young men of his time) as an absolute private act, clouded in the utmost secrecy, fortified from any interference with his plans by every means of possession possible ... simplified by money ('buyable', in other words), guarded by jealousies of romantic love (most effective when engendered in the woman) and finally insured (as it were) by the absolute sanctification of marriage.

But these protective measures of sexual approach operative in the society around him, and the vulgar humor so desperately clouding all public reference to the private act, failed to give George any sense of integral security. His early relationships with actual girls naturally shattered his imaginings: the societal blows dealt to his complex image of woman destroyed most of his careful make-up of her, leaving only a series of bell-shaped curves reverberating in a blur of echoing multiplicity -- many women of doll-like features and proportions all looking and moving alike ... the chorus line. This Bell Woman, as we'll call her, could be publicly sexual because she was only a series of residual ghosts of some destroyed original; and as such, she seemed a perfect partner for the dismembered man. Her enticing movements were safely synchronized to patterns of well-known music, all individuation limited to the bell dance, and the whole reverberation of her enmeshed in the trappings of the stage. Attention to her could contract mid-dance to focus thrillingly upon the centered image of the lead dancer, or star, because this individuation was only a pale reminder of any integral original and was always backed by the chorus-line scheduled, in the dance, to shatter into echoes of her. Often the right and left of this line of blurs divided into antithetical movements, just as a bell's visual vibrations might vary to either side of some struck center: legs could kick in clear approximate of sex dance on the stage because there was no cunt to fuck in all this ghostly mass: the imagined necessary power of the Bell Woman was 'number' rather than any frighteningly indivisible magic; her make-up had to be doll-like -- to *reductio-ad-absurdum* of individual feature --; and her *melieu* was, natch, gaiety ... a humoresque to mask the horror of this recreation or re-enactment of the destruction of woman.

But George, a very precise man, wasn't satisfied with this blur of a woman: he cross-bred her show-biz. dress with the costume of a ballerina -- opting for some reminder, in this complex of Tchaikovskian tragedy ... the sad swan woman, mystery woman, tragic heroine -- albeit alive and kicking. Finally, he singled her out (usually in ballet tights and that olur of hips such fluff of swan's dress engenders) for a most particular transformation of his own devising: he imagined her multiplicity in the sense that she could be turned into anything -- as a variety of being rather than a number of images of being ... a transformation in quality rather than quantity -- himself, The Magician, controlling the various charms of this femme fatale. He limited her, in his imagination, to the tradition of stage magic: she was always, thus, the "helper" of The Magician: and, otherwise, he drew upon the whole mythic history of woman, from Oracle of Delphi to mermaid, from goddess to witch. In her devine aspects he had the courage to give her power over men -- to loose demons against them ... to turn men into beasts, etc.: but she was always putty in the hands of The Magician -- or, almost always -- and could

be made to jump thru hoops, like circus dogs, vanish in a puff of smoke at The Magician's slightest annoyance: she could be made-up out of anything ... a dress-maker's dummy ... the hoop she'd jump thru ... thin air itself: but whatever George's control over her, she was a magnificent imagining -- greater than if she were just George's creation -- inasmuch as she had a divine aspect, which George adored, and was certainly, in all her aspects, essentially "an original": and, as such, we will call her "George's Love."

The 19th century magic showman had to be a mechanical genius: and George Méliès was no exception to this rule: the hero of his invention -- that spirit-of-him created to wreak vengeance upon the demons who had destroyed his actual self before birth -- that hero, then, came to take on aspects of The Golem ... a kind of stone impassivity and a manner of implacable servitude -- the aloof presence and politesse of the stage magician, moving with rhythmic grace and machine precision thru his acts and bowing to the audience he has just amazed ... i. e., the audience he, thus, leads into the maze of awesome improbability -- or taking upon himself the laughter of that audience he has just amused ... i. e., the audience whose madness he has 'humoured' by making his hero-self appear as buffoon before them. George struggled many years preparing for the dreadful eventuality of his revenge and possible salvation: and all this time the hero took the gadgets and machines of magician's trade as extensions and, finally, appendages of self ... as knights must once have taken their swords, lances, horses. George built his own sets, gaining maximum control of the synthetic mise-en-scene which would one day (thru sympathetic magic) precipitate the land shapes of original terror (the plain, the valley, the cave); and he designed all costume, to wrap each moving creature in recognizable form (the oldest shamanism in the book): and he choreographed all movements to make (for the "rain dance") a puppet-master's perfect manipulability of the entire stage ...

And he failed ...

He achieved a worldly fame, which was of no use to his desperate purpose, and wealth, which couldn't bribe demons, and he won The Bell Woman in her endlessly repeating variations of being (no vibration of which offered the least hope of heroine splendor or resolution for his dismemored self).

He failed, as miserably as ever a man could ... inasmuch as he had never even approached that 'darkling plain' of his dismemberment again -- had made a charade, instead, to stand for it -- a distraction, then, repeated nightly with mocking success before an endlessly howling and applauding audience of horrible heads and hands floating in a black pit beyond the illuminated space of his actual shame.

Were it not for the machine, George would probably have played-out this hopeless game for the rest of his life: but the signs of the times were kind to George and directed him beyond his own advertence, led him (in midst of his inner despair) down the most natural path of his daily existence -- to the doorway of friendship with a man (symbolically?) named Pathé. It would have been difficult for George (as famous 19th century Parisian magician) NOT to have known the French inventor Pathé: and (as we know now how difficult it would have been for George to be anything but a 19th century magician) we can begin to say he had a destiny ... that these two men were destined to meet

... that the signs of the times -- The Fates, then -- perhaps advertised them to each other in such a milieu of practicality as to insure their friendship: (how happily extricable are these Fates once one understands the simple daily warps and woofs of all their weaving): anyway, therefore, George was one day invited to the home of his friend Pathé to view a new invention.

The inventor dimmed all light and then cast a single beam of illumination across the room to etch the black and white image of a beach and ocean against the wall. George was not surprised, for he had seen 'transparencies' before. Such 'shadow images' were, in fact, centuries old: and photographs had been available since George's birth. But then, suddenly, the waves of the ocean began to move in toward the beach -- to splash upon them ... a brilliant rash of white light along a line of gray texture: had Venus herself emerged from this sea, been born in that room then, George couldn't have been more excited than he was by this moving picture; for he must have immediately known this machine as a means for the Venus-birth of his own being, known it as a means of infinite transformation, known it as his Love.

His first move, in keeping with his character, was to attempt to buy it: but Pathé would have none of that -- said this invention was for scientific research ... not, no! not ever, to be used for entertainment. George's next action, in keeping with his whole story of indomitable will, was to go home and invent it, himself. Mercurially (after god of both thieves and artists) he both stole and created the Venus machine: like Prometheus, he brought this god-force to 'the people' -- its firing light (on-off illumination of individual still images in sequence giving the illusion of movement) lit up his magician's stage and dazzled his audiences.

But George, who knew these images were not moving pictures -- knew them as 'stills' he'd photographed in a sequence of move-mirages -- was no more dazed by this machine's performance than by any of the other tricks of his creation ... and thus he, alone of all those in attendance, first sensed something very strange occurring at each projectioning -- something no one else, in the entire world, was to recognize consciously for twenty-some years: an eerie feeling ... a rising of hair on the back of his neck ... an indifinable fright to his whole nervous system -- tho' not anything he could put his mechanic's finger upon -- nothing logically explicable -- caused him increasing apprehension each time the flickering beam of light cut across his workshop room or flared over the sea of hands and faces in the darkened auditorium: it was as if some being he hadn't photographed were attempting to 'steal the show', to usurp the screen and "upstage" all the pictured theatricality of his devising ... by some ephemeral yet "real" act unchoreographed -- or simple by the power of "presence" (that indefinable quality some actors have, which makes it impossible to cast them as anything but "star"!).

George often faced the projector from his position on the stage, saw the beam of widening illumination as a hallway he might almost climb, diminishing in size until he'd perhaps vanish into the tunnel of the lens: he knew, from experience, any step into the light would tear his shadow off his back and hurl it against the screen behind; and so at first he avoided bodily intruding upon the apparitions of this machine: but his thoughts entered the flickering corridor and dissolved in hypnotized light-mares as they encountered some

alien quality moving there, creeping steadily down the temporal ladders of off-on illumining, gathering fearfully in the dark pockets of all pictured forms. It began to seem to him as if some forbidden veil were being ripped open in each shift of light ... slowly, steadily, rent by black's every insistence. The screen behind him smoked and darkened in formal patches as if the focused ray were turning it to carbon; and yet the screen seemed to repair itself continually, for these carboniferous patches shifted feverishly across the flat surface: were they smoke-hold of some hellfire, then, that burns eternally without ever consuming? No!, rather -- George sensed -- this fire of motion pictures erupts out of Time's dimension ... and burns thru an infinite number of screens, or veils -- films, then -- beyond human comprehension.

Thus George became the first man to recognize motion pictures as medium of both super-nature and under-world -- and instrument for unveiling the natural thru reflection ... and also the gateway for an alien world underneath the surface of our natureal visual ability -- an underworld, then, that erupts into "ours" thru every machine which makes visible to us what we cannot naturally sense. The so-called supernatural IS -- as any magician knows -- innately tangible to the naked eye ... its recognition-as-nature requiring only a shift of thought -- a slight of hand: but the underworld HAD to be in-vented, as it were ... i.e. its very real existence has to be passed-thru invention for "us" to begin to be both aware of it and prey to its consummation.

In these recognitions, George inherited the full destiny he'd been born-to before his physical birth. The instant he found his medium ... a medium that could summon-up the unborn ... the only medium which can exteriorize moving imagination -- in that instant, then, George's life was all before him: he became the artist he had always been -- the first such, in modern history, to turn 'a medium' into 'an art': he had his demons lured from under and trapped into a realm of super sense: all the monster creatures which the mechanical thought of his unborn self had loosed upon him were loosed again thru the terrible machine of motion pictures: and the long awaited battle could begin.

Knowing the black areas of the ignited screen to be the most actually haunted, George created many of his ghostly photo-apparitions in white -- overexposing the image, even, and blurring his spectral forms by shaking the camera ... creating a counter-balancing demonology -- an army of super-impositions upon all shadow. Black costume demons, of his design, tended, in his photo-play, to be easily defeated ... exploded, usually, in a puff of brilliant white smoke.

The hero of these movie dramas was usually himself-as-photographed, garbed in enough black -- the tux. of the showman -- to permit his photo-form to move magically thru the darkling planes of any composition ... carrying, as if it were a standard, his recognizable features for a head, as hero's helmet then -- and yet sometimes disguised by the beard of an old man's role he'd created for his hero self -- and almost always, in that aged form, disguised as a 'fool', 'buffoon', or one utterly prey to, at least, costume-demons in a play of foolishness ... as if George were offering devils, or baiting The

Devil with, his elder self (some trap, perhaps, borrowed from Goethe's "Faust", with its humanly happy ending.) Certainly George borrowed the trappings of all western man's converse with demons, in a fight of fire with fire -- white fire with black fire.

But because any actual monstrousness seemed to George to inhabit every area of graphic form -- every shade of line that made image recognizable --, his war spread naturally against every being and object photographed ... the only safety of his hero-self being his ability to transform one thing into another -- especially into some mass of white ... the only heroic weapon, then, the magic wand: and George's ultimate means of helping his heroic self was his ability to transform the whole structure of the battle-field at any instant the 'going' got too rough: it was this latter necessity which led him to make the first splice in motion picture history -- the attaching of one piece of celluloid sequence of "stills" to another.

The very nature of the war, however, began to change in the middle of George's career as film-maker. If every graphic of recognizable form was 'haven' for demons, then photo-still objects became enemy's fort. Every unmoving thing was, after all, a deteriorating thing; and, if it had lines and shading upon it (nestling dark forces), it quickly became haunted: even the image of the sun -- main source of light -- required only the lines of a 'face' upon it to make it at enmity with anything more purely white: the moon, almost synonym for movie screen, haunted George particularly because its representation demanded a 'face' ... thus led George to some cosmic suspicion of every light in the sky: were not all stars, as the first astro-watchers had seen them, simply high-lights vaguely indicating the shapes of enormous black creatures? Because George felt all photo-still objects as demon fortresses, he was moved, as film-maker, to keep everything as animated as possible (like a man stuffing old houses, with as much life as he could, to edge out ghosts) -- certainly to keep all people-shapes in continual movement in opposition to any 'set' of their surroundings ... "on his side", so to speak. He was also determined to give inanimate objects their 'faces' ... like warning signs of what they harbored ... and then often to animate those faces. He was inspired, like the Greeks before him, to "fill in" the spaces between stars -- with as much white as possible.

All Renaissance shading, giving the illusion of depth, also provided 'cover' for his enemies: thus George was obsessed to attack the whole of western painterly trappings -- Renaissance perspective itself: he therefore began to conceive his movie scenes as a series of movable 'flats', offering a minimal 'vanishing point' and maximal relationship to the screen against which they would be projected. This desperate measure, against the grain of western visual development, gave George a new battleground (the likes of which had not been seen since the aesthetics of Florence had won over those of Sienna). The nature of the battle, then, became anamorphic (rather than mythic): the moving against the immovable: the quick against the dead. Just as he knew the moon must have a face (more dreadful to imagine in "the dark of the moon" than when clearly etched on white) so, too, he knew all white must have its black lines of form (tho' not necessarily spacial shadings ... which he minimized by front lighting); and, thereby, he created his costume-demons

as double-agents ... spies on his side ... demonstrating, so to speak, the defeat of all such monstrousness: George finally came to play The Devil himself again and again: and his witches came to take the very revenge that he, himself, desired. With masterful complexity, George proceeded to play-out the war with spies and counter-spies of triumphant vision. His films became anagrams of incredible duplicity, as he abrogated more and more powers of transformation to himself and his self's hero magician ... or witch ... or demon ... or devil, even.

But George could not, honestly, bring any aspect of his dismembered being to identify with either inanimate object or depth-of-space. The 'sets' were always "given over" to the demons ... his only control of them being the warning sign of their visage -- thus visibility -- and 'change of scene.' Inevitably, therefore, George came up against cosmic disaster ... his defeat by material itself and the space of its residence -- demon strata!

George, at the time of life a man just begins to feel himself as 'aging', would have surrendered were it not for the emergence of a new hero-image in his dreams -- the only hero who might possibly pass thru the veils of materiality and traverse all cosmological stuffing ... the last (for George) heroic trick in the bag: The Machine: yes! ... the hero-as-machine -- old Golem again -- young Venus maybe, too, who'd once before given him a new lease on struggle: The Machine-as-photographed ... The Machine-as-pictured thru the means of machinery -- something like a 'hall of mirrors' reflecting mirrors, ad infinitum, to confound all material sense and punch a hole in the whole of universal space.

Was it not the perfect servant or "helper" of The Magician? Was it not that absolute contradiction to confound demonology? -- inasmuch as The Machine was material, yet animate beyond any human capability ... was there any limit to the space a machine might traverse? -- the master of it, himself, utterly inside its armor. Was it not a thing made up of many inanimate parts which were put together and came to 'life' then as they were fueled to interact perfectly with each other in a miraculous entirety of moving being? The Machine was -- yes! -- kin-creature to George -- his bloodless (therefore humanly invulnerable) brother ... and woman, too (for be it automobile, or boat, or aeroplane, or rocket, even, some 'unwritten law' had always made it be lovingly called a "her") : she, any machine, was -- yes! -- the triumph of all his imagining and actual invention ... the wildest Galates of all Pygmalion time -- "let 'er rip", then, thru Time, itself, if possible, and all black space, shaking shadows off herself in each shift of gear, turn of wheel, whirl of The Magician's motivation as she/he tore thru the film's cast fast as frames could track her/his movement across the screen.

The Machine of his dreams became star of his dramas, defying all actor-scoffers -- knocking 'em down when they got in the way ... knocking down walls, houses, and all such blocks, or blockheads, of material ... putting out the eye of the moon ... jostling stars, even -- and, all the while, protecting The Magician (and his friends), carrying him as gently as a baby in a cradle ... as a baby in the womb ... as man entombed ...

Yes -- alas -- The Machine failed George too, finally ... : it was, for all its animation, a recognizable shape; and, as such, it fell into every dark

trap of illumination -- fell, as a train, once, into the sun's mouth ... damned those within it to the same set-to of all inanimate scenery: as a recognizable object, The Machine could never be more than subject matter: thus George's photo-plays still whirled shamanistically their dance flashing blacks and whites against impenetrable screen.

George desperately tried color, toward the last -- dyeing the celluloid -- having images of objects (often The Machine) tinted tones that might vibrate them into another dimension of thought ... brushed-in hues, over the black and white shape on every single frame, to shift the dark/light trap of photo-genesis: but he only managed to paint himself into a beautiful corner: (color is a quality of light -- a qualification then ... a diminishment as surely as shadow.)

The battle was over -- without there having actually been a fight: and George was left with reels of projectionable maps of a campaign only imagined ... a record of sympathetic magic that had failed the maker's inner tension -- had failed to alter, for him, what had already been. He had directed and acted a series of pretensions; and he had been (as all artists before him) simply used by forces beyond his imagined "2nd coming" -- his 'coming again' -- his comprehension.

No artist has ever been permitted to comprehend the work he creates: only those who do creatively attend it are permitted to second-guess its actual being ... make game of it ... hunt down the beasts of it in lairs of their own angelic orders: only those, who exert as much creative energy, apprehending the work of art, as it took to make it, can break the traps of form that whirl on almost impenetrable cocoon of habit-sense around revelation: but the audiences of George's day were having NONE of THAT, you may be sure ... certainly NOT any Gordian knots to be unraveled on their 'evenings out' -- no!, not ever ... never, then, any reminder, please, of what each man, woman, and child had forfeited pre-birth ... not, for god's sake, any labyrinthining amidst our pleasure --: let us, rather, be spirit only, escaping in a gas of distractive words, music and images meaning no thing whatsoever: let the gods and demons have of us what they will, what they have had, so long as our play is surely fun and free and we reasonably assured of soul's immortality.

An industry of imitators began making films like George's, but films which carried no weight of obsession, no haunt, no art. These 'escape' movies freed audiences from the strange discomfortures and the apprehensions which George's elicited in even the most dense sensibility. George could not compete with his imitators and, thus, lost all commercial stance for his cosmic act.

Toward the last he tried to 'make a 'come-back'', as it's called: and he made a series of movie dramas which premised his primal scene of dismemberment as if it had been at the hands of audience on the darkling plain of the auditorium ... as if the hands and heads of the clapping and laughing wealthy members of society -- black with evening dress -- had torn him/George to pieces ... as, indeed, they had. His commercial failure -- at their hands -- had taught George lessons more immediate to his daily living than those he had learned in the womb. But these social dramas, of the last years of his creating, posed no war -- as had the fantasies of all previous making ...: George was,

by then, too defeated in all his being to manage even imaginary battle. He used the motion picture machine, finally, almost as if to write a letter to 'the worldly' -- pleading the cause of 'the poor'... asking shelter and food, at least, for the abandoned baby, or starving child, he now felt himself to be. Sometimes he asked, in these literaries his films had become, to be invited again to the bacchanal -- the birthday party of all beast scene... the celebration of demon's day amidst the rich (those who epitomized, to George, the humans that lived most successfully with dismemberment). In other films he sometimes fancied powers of goodness that would take pity upon his orphaned self and all such outcasts of a Victorian society obviously (to George) given-over to an evil that existed on, now, moral grounds -- rather than fields of cosmic disorder. He envisioned all church, for instance, as just another theatre where audience gathered to escape... rather than attend the messages of angels. He had no hero, anymore, nor invention either. All that was left to his imagination was that old 'mothering' heroine: Christian Charity. His every plot, now, was dedicated to arousing this spirit-of-pity in each spectator, or at least to haunt every eye with this goodly ghost. His scenes, now, were only supports of an aesthetic propaganda -- for, yes, these plays, tho' Charity advertisements, were still sufficiently "of an art" to establish a realm of consideration beyond George's wishes... were more than the moral pleadings he imagined them to be: they did, as a matter of incredible fact, anticipate the aesthetic milieu of the next great film artist, D.W. Griffith, and prophetically announce, thus, the subject which would most interfere with the light of this new art for the next twenty-five years. D.W. Griffith was to go to war, in this matter, and marshal pictured "fact" as his army against social indifference: but George Méliès was reduced to begging for sympathy... rather than in sympathetic magic... and had only sentiment on his side.

George's visual pleas went altogether over the heads of his audience, raining tears down out of their eyes instead of diamonds for either him or 'the poor': he, therefore, failed himself once again... failed (as all artists do) to achieve anything reasonable to himself -- for the muse-force, in a man, only uses "reason"... feeds on it from inside out, destroying it while assuming its logical shape... feeds on the maker, turning him inside out -- destroys every idea he has of himself, finally even of himself-as-artist. George was luckier than many (having that 'luck' of the very hard-worker): he exhausted most of his aesthetic possibilities in his late middle age.

Magician that he was, he managed to vanish from popular sight, effected completely his disappearance from 'The World', as it's called, and attained, at least, a private life. All his failures in the realm of heroics proved useful, at last, in that kingdom-of-acceptance any 'daily living' is: for George had identified sufficiently with every imaginable creature and condition of circumstance to manage a livelier/happier personal existence than most men even day-dream: and certainly no nightmares could ever take George by terrible surprise again. He continued to see the shifting faces in the fire's dark of his hearth, and all those leering from his living-room walls, floors, furnishings -- the visages of all wood-work... the shapes in the irregularities of plaster, etcetera: but these had become 'familiars', so to speak, and must often have seemed even friendly -- charged, as they were, with the nostalgia of

acknowledged enmity grown old . . . : certainly they were no longer terrifying to him as they were when he was a child.

He married the proprietress of a candy store and became, thus, shop-keeper at center of children's world. He had children of his own; and he certainly did everything he could to protect them, and all his candy customers too, from any fate at all like his: but, still, he couldn't entirely resist playing The Magician, at time, for them -- performing small parlor tricks for their amazement . . . tiny transformations reduced to the stage of his aged hands, alive with loving movement in a flutter of tricks -- a 'now-you-see-it/now-you-don't' amusement before the admiring eyes of a child: and he would then, more often than not, show how it was done . . . so that there should be no sensibility trap left in the wake of his game with them.

When he was a very old man -- and his children fully grown and, happily, none of them artists . . . or even magicians . . . he was re-discovered, recognized, in his candy shop, by a government official. His films, having a life of their own quite separate from his, had become established film classics in the meantime. Something in each of these films drew people to look at them again and again: after all the laughs had spent their force, and the films had entertained to their fullest extent, there still remained an attraction to them beyond popularity -- some felt-quality of power unleashed in each . . . as if they were -- as in fact they are -- one of the greatest untapped natural resources in the world . . . if only one could penetrate their surface and release the real energy of them. George, of course, had no such notion of them: they had failed him, much as children will fail a father -- had failed to even make him a living, let alone to restore him to some whole being . . . ; and he was more-than-a-little surprised at the attention they belatedly brought him, like some old soldier decorated twenty/thirty years after his defeat on the field of battle.

George was awarded, for god knows what reason, the French Legion of Honor medalion . . .

... He died a very short time after.

note: MELIES is the first of The Brakhage Lectures. The following two lectures, on GRIFFITH and DREYER, will be presented in forthcoming issues of Caterpillar. 7

George Stanley:

FEELING OUT 1 - 6

1

"The insight that we can never get away from
ourselves, etc."
P. W. Bridgman

"Do you exist?" A silly question. "What good is a
newborn baby?" Franklin asked. A silly question, too,
now that we know.

I heard my voice, saying something. I was a newborn
baoy, then, I wanted to cry. But I heard my voice, instead, talking a foreign
language (English).

Do you hear those voices, trying to be some kind of music?
Do we

exist? Is it those voices, cries, trying to escape us,
the listeners?

I knew I couldn't go very far, on my bicycle.
Night was a boundary, so was 19th Avenue, but mostly it was my mother, who,
by telling me, became part of me. What was it like for you?

I have to tell you, darling,
I don't take this cheap world.

" My senses constitute perhaps a large part of
my mind..."
Mme. Dupin (c. 1746?)

Kinesthesia gives me back the warmth in my cheeks,
the pressure of my lips; the rims of my glasses there
are like part of the air;

but I don't feel like I have a face;
I feel like a gate.

A gate to where?

Words about the darkness get to me; we are ashamed
of our backsides; they are all
phenomenon; we feel to ourselves then
like a fleeing herd.

I am no cave, I am no
temple, the walls
crawling with gems.

If you enter me you enter no
darkness (I hope you enter
Paradise (we are so deceived by
sight we can't see this. Do you? I can

keep you out,
with my chin.
I can keep you out
with my mind.

Across the Deadly Desert of Reason (What if I
don't let you in, my chin
tilts up, my mind assaults you
like a marquee, is the dark of me
a movie house, are my dreams of touching
fantasy?)

(The Baby's body dazzled
before it groaned with logic)

If I open to you I go back and repeat the same
movement again, only slower, my undulant shadow falls
on the Deadly Desert.

Tell me again
what you said, it is possible
everything I think
is wrong.

No, here,
before we move.

4 The Thaw

The congealedness of my heart and mind
coming apart, coming apart. Angrily striking out, god damn you!
and feeling, knowing, the grasp, yeah, of a god that can damn, that
out of the way!

Poking from inside something, ah, like a cocoon,
poking and softening it with my beak--
a tight and it might have been dangerous nest I made,
my house, ah yes, in need.

(And what is inside or outside I don't know. Inside, I was told,
was sin-side. And outside became pout-side. Well, what
difference does it make? Those---what are those things?
Nests, did you call them? I tap them with my stick. The clouds

Yeah, just the clouds.

I was frozen. Well, let's not argue.

It's not just that I wanted it to be a good poem, I wanted to
be faithful. Well, there was nobody else in that waiting-room.

Martha. The Greek restaurant. Spiro Agnew---well, the fear of
Spiro Agnew, that exists, persists. And Spiro Agnew wristwatches.
And the wrong answers to questions. And the silly answers. The
peculiar way Martha looks at me when. Martha when I.

Sara--- Stan--- Ping-pong balls with pictures of deer on them.
The universe---that old one, too (that lost one?) Then this
one. Love (Love---I fumble at naming you

Super Bowl. Blood. Death. Unity. I--- I---

5 The Ripple

It's all me.

I can say that without any thought of an image of
our separateness or a thought of an imageless As it all comes back,

it sticks, it becomes
me, like candy.

And I'm alone. I don't know what to do I turn into myself,
take it all (the world)

and glove it out of sight The world remains a tear,
through which I dying see
the world, relieved of tension
and simple simple as a leaf. And it is there and I can step up

into it and use it again It is new

Soon it becomes all me again. Then I die again with the pain of
my fingernails, my cock, my toes, my eyes
to still it It won't go away It still remains its wave, its constant
ripple, closing in

(I had dinner at the East-West house last night, and met this guy, Tom,
wavy dark hair, mustache, Italian or Jewish I guessed, about my age, I
could see dark chesthair curling at his throat, over his T-shirt. Once
he asked me about poetry. After dinner we got stoned: Knute, Bill Reese,
Tom and I. I asked Knute if he was going to walk to North Beach. Tom
answered, said he was going to walk that way, so he could hitchhike to
Berkeley off Broadway. Scared (in the easy chair, me, of unknown he,
walking with him, talking to him. The late empty streets, the dark
hills, with---forgot his name. Sneaked a glance over at him on the couch,
dark eyes, mustache--- Who is he? I don't know him. Scared went away,
found the Tao again

(As it happened, Knute did walk over. Tom and I and Knute walked
down Bush St., I was in the middle

(From maybe twenty years in the future I looked back on this. Sneaked
a glance at Tom again, walking next to me on Bush St., and realized:
I never knew him. He was a friend of Bill Reese's, used to come over
to the East-West house a lot. I never knew him at all. I recognized him

(We walked to North Beach, talking about architecture. When we got to Broadway & Columbus Tom said goodnight, and he said to me, "Maybe next time we can talk about poetry." "O. K." Then Knute and I went to the bar.

(Twenty years in the future I was sitting on the edge of my bed in a hotel room in Montreal, examining my hands. There was late afternoon light. The shade was kind of pushed into the room by the warm air but didn't move. Looking at the little moles on my skin It was all me. There had never been

any other. Had been no one else. Faces, what dreams, I laughed, or remained silent because they laughed or remained silent. And now not they. Me on the bed, and it hanging off there

with no mind of its own

world

6 The Flood

"People don't die of pain."
Bev

In the night I come to a door, my old house.
On the stairs I can't move. In a dream
nearer to waking I
make myself move, keep
going, don't let it just
be nightmare.

Dragging myself upstairs by the
handrail in the dark and the door
halfway merciless open you
were not there in the dream
but you are in the poem.

A flood of reasons comes down out of nowhere. The light bulb
burned out and why
I didn't replace it and why and why, that accounts for the dark.
A flood
goes by in the air, in the poem, as well as where
the feet wait, so conscious of their toes,
and I wonder
if the metaphors are right, "flesh" for "body," or "swinging light"
for your smile,

and then the flood stops. And I see the
place where it was, dead rock.
And I see the only way across to you is to
step
into that flood
when it is there.

Theodore Enslin:

THE SPACE POEM

1.

As if---
but I dare not---
do I---
to approximate---
to speak of---
it is not---
there is movement---
I have---
I stand here---
it is relation to---
There are no spaces.
What comes
comes only as if
between.

2.

I do not know these gods---
of rivers and of woods
I am acquainted.
They are brown and dark
who live among
brown dark things and places.
But these others,
gods of an abstract being,
I have no knowledge.
I do not fear them,
nor the jealousy
of one JHVH
who proclaimed himself
that one.
I do not fear what I cannot know.

3.

There were times to wander
 in far places,
 but the far ones lay
 along my hand---
 their winds struck me fullface,
 and I was not alone there.
 I remembered,
 but then caught myself
 as a branch might
 run through a sweater
 ---hanging me---
 remembrance was in time,
 remembrance was in space,
 and I knew nothing of these.
 I could not speak of them.
 They had no being.
 I returned to river gods,
 and sea gods,
 wood and grass gods,
 those tangible
 as a toad upon my doorstep
 sunning on the warm flat rock.
 I knew trace,
 and I knew their scent,
 their sound and weight,
 these others, and that one:
 ---JHVH---
 hard tyranny, but no heaviness.
 So I passed by them
 to talk with leaves
 and beetles,
 to recognize as I
 knew recognition
 in the footsteps
 of those just things
 made plain.

4.

I opened one more door
 to let in sunlight.
 I closed one more window

to hold the night.

5.

I held the breath of my beloved.
That was real.
I held her sleeping,
as I held to her in sleep,
and that was real.
We walked together
and sat down.
She covered me with flowers,
and I brought her leaves.
We were happy.
We were innocent
in what we knew.

6.

I closed the books.
I opened into love.
I had no more questions.

7.

I lived. I died.

8.

I knew:
Through which---
as if---
but I dare not---
do I---
to approximate---
to speak of---
it is not---
there is movement---
I have---
I stand here---

it is relation to---
There are no spaces.
What comes
comes only as if
between.

*

MAX'S KANSAS CITY -- POETRY READINGS,

Sunday, 2 p. m.

213 Park Ave.,
South, at 17th
St. 777-7870

You have missed so far:

Max Finstein Fielding Dawson Paul Blackburn Jackson
Mac Low Theodore Enslin Diane Wakoski Armand Schwerner
Harry Lewis Carol Bergé Tony Weinberger Donald Phelps

Don't miss:

Ron Loewinsohn Ed Sanders Joel Oppenheimer
Kenneth Koch George Economou etc.,

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Clayton Eshleman:

(3 poems

THE GATES OF CAPRICORN

By way of
 Skheria, by waves off Ithaka,
 the sleep
 in the realm of Ithaka,
 Cave of
 (Blaser at Olson's death:
 "to defend the intellect, distinguish
 pretense from imagination"

sleeps
 home (blaze of sleep, he sleeps
 a blazon, Earth
 rises over Earth, the image-cave is K' UN,



ricorn moves slow egg (Cap
 sun taut radiant
 code of the stone, moves, as he
 moves in sleep
 & Poseidon doth turn
 man's boats to
 (lead, his mettle
 & the Phiaikians do
 sacrifice twelve choice

cogere, drive

together this man, drive not me Muse but Thee
 whose breasts
 unmangled
 thighs crescent
 over I see urging
 anew
 who sleep on crab-claw,
 on mundus, for what form you
 driven to fro this bed?

Allow
 this Cave in my timing to
 sanctify Regeneration,
 allow
 as Thee allows the plum
 to live the upper limit of
 that energy wch is
 devotion,

as we sleep the sacrifice is,
 not as we wake,
 O. sleeps now beyond Circe,
 beyond Lotus,
 Capricorn is ponderous, the Nereids work
 on long stone benches, ponderous
 the weft (day) receives, these women weave
 our armor, physical
 as segments, physical
 as breastplate of russet iron, overlaid (by waves of
 gold & silver leaf (by waves of
 were SHE his rose)
 were SHE the chrysanthemum
 he sensed in that plate)

By way of
 -- off Ithaka, Cave of --

intellect' s defense, a man brought to
cardinal earth

feminine slab (slabu is sleep,

flabby -- soft --
slab, or labial
-- lip

sleep the lip of the man,

our sleep to be

no more than our lip, lip

not

his death, that service
leaves him labial, gate the dead
blow in out,

with this sleep they cry odyssey ends,
we are here to talk about it,
of memory, flabby
tumescence, Cap

ricorn' s lower lip

Below sleep (as of sleep
the sacrifice is writhing people,
Earth is bent,
under crab-claw love
is torment, curled under
is, for a man, a woman half-concealed
thus immortal
cannot die who will not reveal
Know when to leave it
Capricorn instructs
solstice is interstitial sun (those who

bind truly know
at solstice

a seed appears
insignia of creation:
to be hunted in the snow

O. sleeps on homeland,
 the crucial sleep
 is an end
 of learning, the Cave
 is rich with yolk, Nereids
 yoke
 all we imagine, the intwist of what I
 had to, made myself go thru to
 be with you is suddenly real,
 not the smoke in bars

-- people struggling

to lift caul, choked
 in blood water, but the urn is overturned,
 birth flames

Up, there is my person, seeing you,
 my person, as if stopped
 on the steps

with a bucket of
 fouled water

(so heavy
 is Capricorn, the ancients

built a Gate (so much
 floods in he would lug it
 (a Gate
 thru wch spirit might pass,
 thus "my struggle" is no longer "my struggle"
 State
 the totality of "my struggle"
 becomes a conscience,
 what I know is what I am

There is
 something mounts up,
 Nereids we feel, as if that deadness were
 double, Nereids
 or that thrust of the girl in us, a gentle
 hold of woof

as if askance before weft, plunges
 & there is no as if,
 Nereids moving our very life work, my body my
 veins, the
 fragrance of
 this red robe
 they weave,
 no mother weaves it
 no mother have I,
 her shout goes forth the sun
 the cold of the dead tremble along her lance-drive,
 no father weaves it
 no father bee,
 I am with child
 the vision leads inevitably beyond my nature,

succeed thyself,

spontaneous combustion

O lift now Muse
 tell how he flamed from sleep,
 how involved now with this

turning-point on Greene Street O. divisioned

a flame against my brickwall, a crimson robe
 one bright blast
 illumed this Cave,

but tell in rhyme of Regeneration,
 describe not.

Honey the Nereids had stored in cans
 became a multitude of women ranging
 now not within a Cave but in my loft, by ocean
 up these stairs they walked,
 the faucet over the sink
 coagulated cock & bored thru, not he
 binds, nor
 she is his expression
 coagulates cock & bores thru,

gladly did I step within this
 Mercurial, shining white yellow & pale,
 receptive to Jupiter
 (my evil brother,
 stiff, inflexible sun

now stood four stallions of
 tremendous strength, groomed & caressed by a
 crowd of girls toward this force

Uranus marched
 a host of stately Aquarians bearing
 on their shoulders urns
 as if the sun in, with fluted rims

(this much was opened to me,
 what men call planets else
 was hid, in other woman form,
 a dark conjunction it seemed,

composed of Pluto, Mars & Venus,
 this I didn't know so could not be,
 but Nereids wove
 still, on bright stone benches, as if in Capricorn to say

Saturn rules, & rules
 with such power

the poet does not
 go for broke, but
 respects craft's double gate,

not mythical man & not myself,

man kneeling,

all he has come thru
 now floods, condenses
 The Eternal Female Form
 walks from the west
 she has made of her
 mind, stands

behind him in the Nereids' Cave

(during Aquarius)

Now came into the loft a woman
whose face I call anima,
(her name is
before this
set gleaming hair, black
as coal, but blue
& gleaming, surrounded her
a wreath,
divided
as the glyph of Leo,

To be moral
is to
induct this power,
at all costs

THE RAPTURE

The conjunction of
the mother over
the first son
provides RETURN,



Thunder
within
the earth,

they sleep
curled together,
she nurses
& rests.

Thunder within, fixed air.
His jugs are big when he is born.
Jugs brought in. The Cave
converts, a stable

air .

A mare is led back in,
ocean icy, foaming, no sight of land.

Slept under

the burden of
moral weight,

"you simply wanted to fuck her,
there is something sadistic
in you

telling me
of her"

brought me brown bread
 prepared a place on the sofa for me
 the small shadowy kitchen
 curled about me, psyche
 to soma, awakening,
 prepared bread

"A child sees it all,
 so beautiful
 he can no longer close his fingers"

The emphasis on the right,

Thee
 --not the first
 beloved--
 but that woman who was
 there, when he first began to
 read poetry
 "they sleep
 curled together,
 she nurses
 & rests."

thunder within the earth

"Then the Dreamer with dirty cheeks
 come slowly out of
 an old dream all streaked with violences wiles &
 splendor,
 jeweled in sweat, toward the odor of bread
 he descends
 like a woman trailing her linen, all her clothes, her
 hanging hair."

A moral positioning of the dark, WAS

the first woman!

A mer,
led back in,
a mare, or

now that first
 appearing before him,
who smiled before
 as his mother,
 THRU his mother,
& sensed then
 in little girls,
 & then, in bigger girls,
amorphous
 love, a veil, wavered

before his weight, placed
weight on
the right,
(dreamed then in history.)

as if
before a dry well Amarāvatī, now to
lay HER
were another thing,
(this the moral weight, to
lay HER
that lifted, that first time,

suddenly he was in first time
she was, & was not,

a nigger, backseat
parked off Indiana Avenue,
that smoke he

somehow got
involved in, leaves
burning in a gutter
(but now of a book, that
heavy yellow smoke, that cream
was not a flicker from hell,
but **WAS**
from hell, **OF**
hell
THUNDER

IN THE EARTH

yes, a GOOD, THE GOODS OF POETRY,

Kali, a woman

anew returning

nigger with hiked up dress

a woman,

as if THAT

smiled, so wide as his

mother never

dared

to smile, was all smile,

Eloges, phrases,

it

was in him, Praises!

And those phrases did

he

not (as he sat

there a golden sparkler ring them then thru

another, & he called you calling

you Thee,

aware he was in

a circle of creation Christ seemed

the tree, to keep

another circuit closed, O that

came up to him then, muted

thru young girl

bigger girl,

Nereids! as if younger were

the pregnancy of bigger!

SHE

brought supper

I

curled together

so numinous

was she

(the woman who was THERE

(I mean was vestal, she

bringing

Kali in a plate,

FOOD

& how often, in the whole starwork, has there been
 that wife,
 as if suddenly he could marry, not her, but
HER
 what shone thru was so monstrous in its not-having,

Kali in a plate, the veils were
 then shed,
 he was born, & those first sap-like
 inklings
 outstepped even change,

how his hands were still
 out over that childhood bed, now not
 doubled, praying, but fingers out
 over the ocean the bed is, &
 pull with all his might the power from
 she-who-wanders, & thus behind
 him stands

The first son under the mother!
 but now, what

DISTANCE!
 breath certain,
 fixed air.

The tree stood,
 & what
 burden he laid on that tree,
 so there, so unpre-
 pared,
 & now he opened himself a crack to man,
 but with his
 spine,
 for all the numinous to take him, could be for
HER,
 hero, & of course the earth
 thru wch thunder was mounting
 responded
 death! & blindly Of

his course

he wld hv hugged back to the man!

. but that still forbidden .
that usurped, as the sexual-will.

When we sight
at a point identical with our fate
a sign IS,

Aquarius
acupuncture,
he is pin-pointed,
particular,
here, where it must reside, ocean,

all that pyramid he built
childhood hands in prayer, all
that altar, of a thousand
flashes composed, all
her grimaces & gestures,

" You, poet, do,
you are
at variance with
your knowledge,
you are, as I
am, & all I will tell
you in my unparticular way
is jugs,
as long as you seek to have
ME
you will not
find woman,

for the light cannot be grasped that in paradise is morning."

THE SCOLOPENDER 1

And now the earth
rises over a lake,
the image of APPROACH,
a young woman
approaches him,
a descent follows
upon every rise,
a hill
is a rise,
a valley
is a rise,
laughter in
the ungrounded air,
a young woman
in white undulant
in the world mind,
her body is garbage
he is hooked on, this
fate, two
fishes
wayward tied



tails, moving
a spot of blood
dropped on the glass,

to be held up to
look at man thru
being man,

two glass slides
blood between,
held up thru which

the figure is seen
joyous lake
walking across the hills,

seen thru this blood
an aura of,
heavenly light, surrounds

her, numinous
because of
the blood,

a young woman

approaches him,

a descent follows

upon every rise,

blood

reveals the aura,

blood is garbage

aswarm with a new

cure, his hand

is glass thru wch

he looks at her,

Jesus across the

hills, she is a little
boy, looking up
from play, she is
my son, my son
is a little girl,
a descent follows
upon every rise,
joyous lake
rippling in the claws of
earth, earth
is the mother earth
is the father earth
is a little boy earth
is a young woman
approaches him,
knowledge is located
in the blood closest
to the heart,
arcana
wayward tied
a young woman
circling
about the heart,
the heart is
a castle,

the young woman is
a moat circling
around the heart,
the heart

is a young son,
a young son is
don't fear
dissolution,

you are not sure is
the Milky Way,
star-trail
in the imploding air,

a young woman

approaches him,

a young woman

calls him on the phone,

the phone a branch

withers in his arm,

car-accident

young bodies smashed

in glass he looks

thru Christ to see

Jesus, a young woman

walking gaily thru

the tree can you

endure this dissolution,

primal ocean

undulant wayward

tied hit you

hit you & hit
you again & dreamed
a dinosaur claw-print
in stone, two
fishes tied the tied
is the hitting,
wayward unable to swim,
two fishes tied this young
woman and I,
state of our union
a young woman in each
grass & rill,

& dropped the poem
for an instant & charged
into her room unable
to speak why
did you sleep with that man,
& she unable to speak
& the slide of glass
lying on the floor
& saw her as horrible
the glass lying on
her floor & retrieved
it & looked at her
again & she

earth rises
over a lake,
she is a young
a woman, is
a heart, & she

asked me Why
 can you not look
 at me without
 that pane, that goddamned
 spot

2

She ties a cross in his heart

He knows not
 of this, he
 approaches her, the cross is
 a swastika her
 & another man joy
 (deep somewhere
 in his intuitions he
 scribbles Catullus,
 this pain cannot be

He approaches her, she
 who is every moment approaching
 (deep
 he knows
 what can only be
 recognized as a poverty

he goes off into the Gethsemany
 (misspelling it, of his friends, he
 prays Spain
 Let this cup pass from me, this dissolution must
 be
 political, must
 be of man

I am writ large, he prays & her all
 ways approaching him
 --the bedrock he
 knows of HER
 somehow makes him be tender
 Again & again

she approaches him
 This is the bull
 stabbed an earlier time
 he argues, a red flag
 I cannot be angry with,
 & she is cheering
 in the crowd,
 in white a young

Marie, Jim, Marie,
 that Marie who I love more
 than myself
 up in the Catskills fucking another man,

she cheers him on,
 kill this passion,
 kill
 what you would
 kill knowing woman,
 Pisces
 dissolves the innermost heart,
 Pisces
 is poorest,
 Pisces is
 the accident at 2, the room of his heart prepared Pisces
 scolopender in collision, she
 ties a cross between the bed
 & the door, toward her he
 crawls knowing it
 will not rise
 She cheers him on

Why is your breath so
 bad, why do you
 when you touch me
 flinch?

She
 the voice of Thee
 glue at the heart of
 poem, not
 a blue flame,
 glue, where it
 hurts most, the very
 very most for a man, she
 widens

the rock, she
 makes the stars
 she is the sun he

as a worm out
of the carrots comes
out to,

she is
the hurt, she
drinks him out of
a cup, she
teaches him No
Part Greatness,
she breaks him for
ever out of Prophecy
she rammed
with heaven,
she with the bands
stuck up her she
teaches forever you are no
Prophet you
woman you poet

she in-
quires about him, she

cheers

him on,

& I learned then to embrace never
ever again no system, I learned

& I learned
no one way, no
world like me,
all systems
two degrees of sunlight
picking its mercurial way
up the backside of a university
tower,

bleachers
in which she sits she
cheers us on,
Pisces
dissolves the innermost heart, we
still live, we
ramify, we
sow

we hog in the sow of
the garbage we

blow our minds we

see

two fishes drifting tied, we
 joke about duality we
 KNOW

3

So what is dissolution?

My Origins say

LOSE,

my eyes grazing
 pick up lavis, lavitram, a sickle,
leu-, to detach, set free.

Perhaps with you

I was closest to death

I ever have been,

the opening scene, that
 brilliance of The Seventh Seal, the knight
 who has bathed meets Death
 as he walks back from the shore.

that Christmas day you and I
 under the tree were unwrapping,
 & I held in my hand a Japanese
 knife you offered me, cleanly,
 but in holding it the woman I lived
 with five years, my son's mother
 was suddenly present, she who had
 several Japanese knives. My hand
 shook as I held your present,
 I did not want to be there, but too
 I did not want to be with her, but
 she spoke to me then as my hand
 grasped the present, saying
 I am indicator to you of what a woman is,
 don't give yourself over, ever, to less
 love, don't believe in just heaven & hell,

Scolopender,

the power of Pisces bends
 me back on myself to know
 because I continued to create
 while I was with you, I kept my desire
 for you alive--

when I dropped the poem
 I saw you, & could not bear
 what I loved.

" In Pisces, the individual must
 go thru the Eternal Feminine"

Does Rudhyar mean: the Female Will?
 --not an exterior thing, but that will
 within me I recognize as feminine,
 that in its constant dissolution revolts
 & wills, in its sensuous helplessness clings to
 banners of heartlessness, what
 not having our life, we find
 of another and so shaken finding
 ourself in ocean cannot just
 save ourself but as Kali, raise
 it, a son? as a sword, a spar
 a sword

& say This
 food is good

for you, this sparring I am in, my
 struggle to save
 my soul,

is the gravel of your road,
 & this sword being held over our head
 by us, we see
 a primal knowing
 up us, under us,
 that prick,

for a man, that primal antenna,
 up us, as if to feed us,
 oroboros, to have
 our tail in our mouth,
 & it is Virgo

came
 to me, Virgo, a dryness
 as we lay dripping in august,
 Virgo comes, as partner to Pisces,
 came to me I say, with upheld

hand, STOP

the traffic that
 the children may pass,

Scolopender,
eyeless Scolopender,

oroboros, cut

this circle of
self-infecting traffic
that the children may
pass,

horrible

dream-like creature, real
psychic spincter, that up-tightness,
circle of ourselves we dwell
on, in,
pun on nutty toilet-training, to see
what can only be expressed.

A state we are our
body impresses upon us,
we force it out, & feel
me tighten,
a disjunction,
between small tender mouth
& a powerful tract,

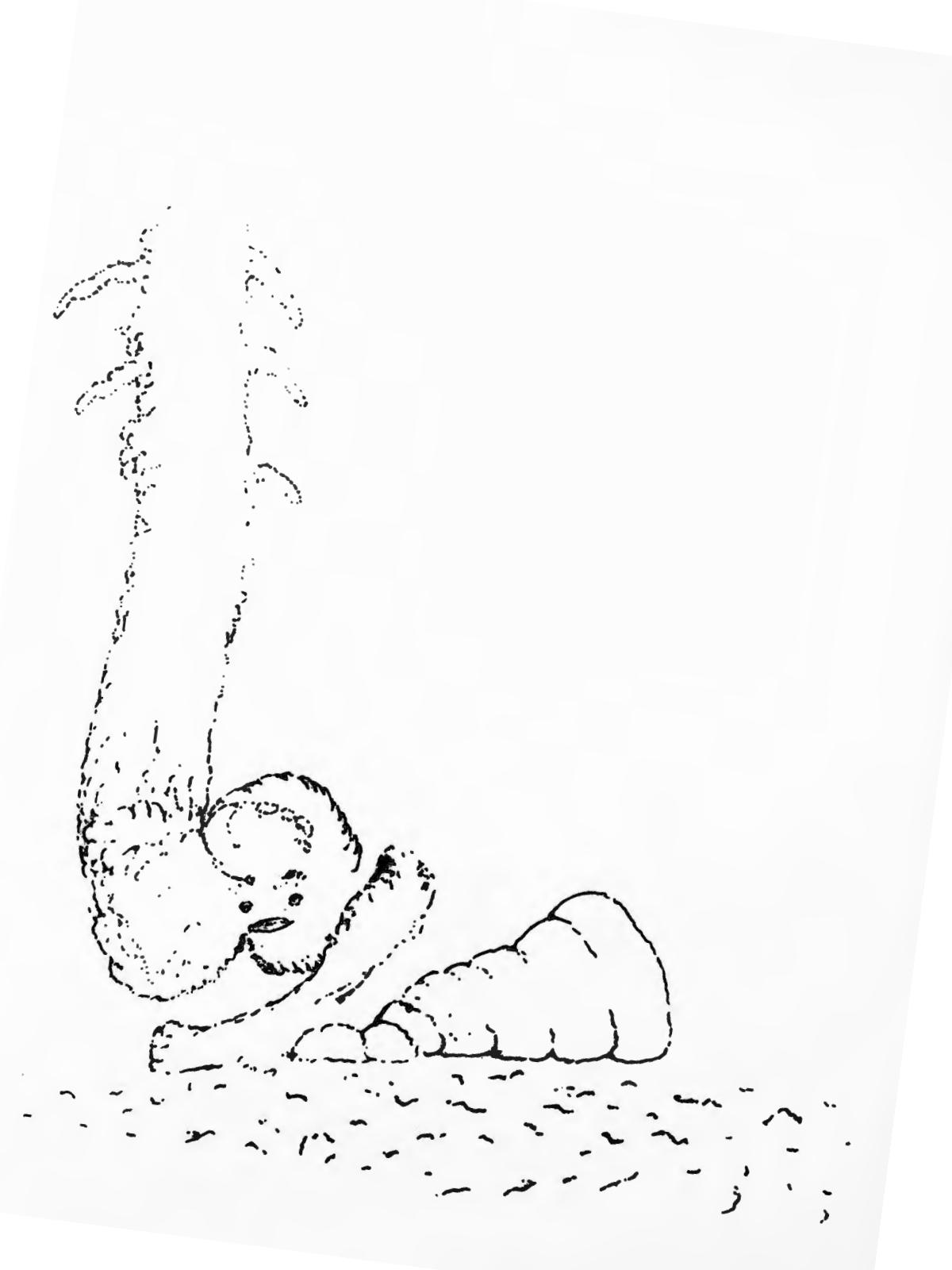
To hammer to form the swamp into Scolopender,
to cut the Scolopender that the children may pass.

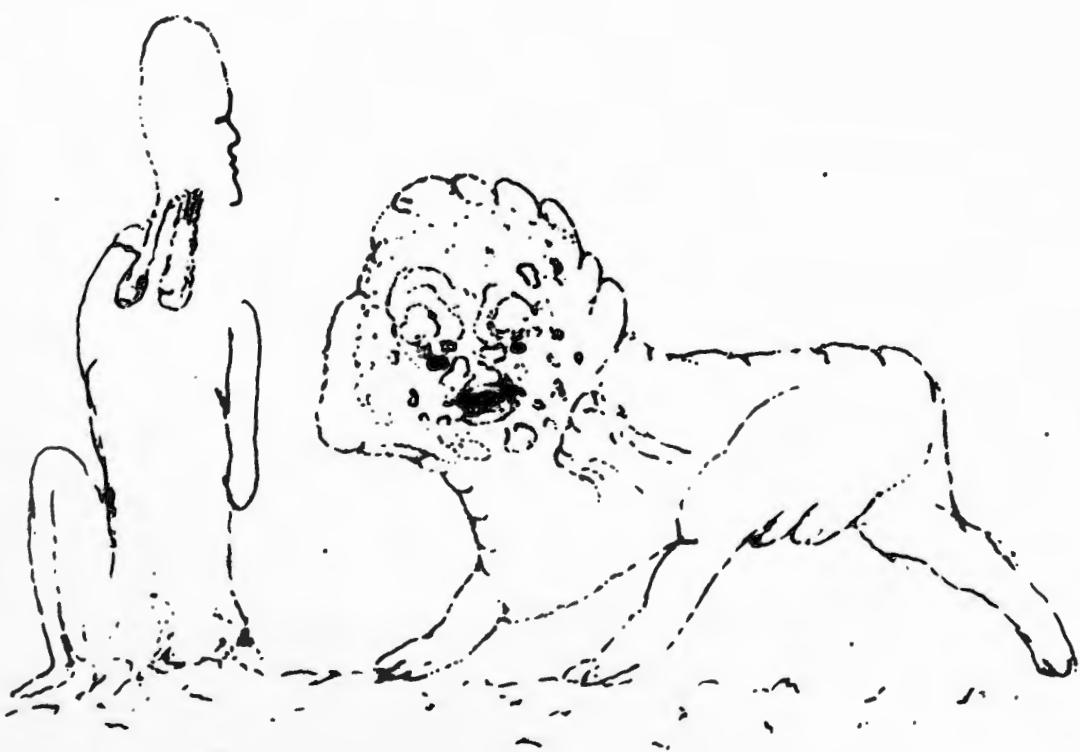
13 February - 14 March, 1970

*



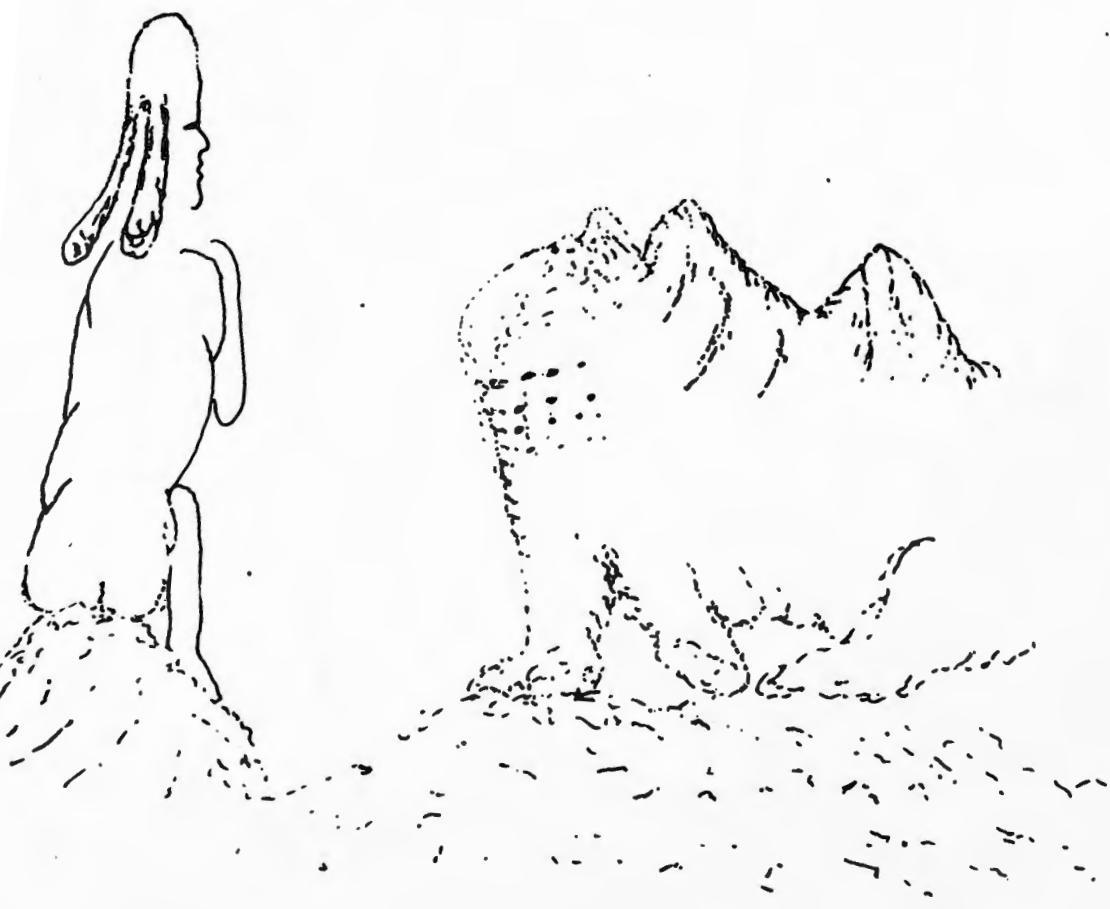












Armand Schwerner:

TABLET XI

whenever I was open I was closed*

*who is speaking here?

where? when you took them with him?

she opened her vagina so late it was no prophecy it wasX

whenever I opened your vagina*

*who is the narrator?

she was a prophecy no later drainage could make up for

and never mind the vats of fresh (urus-shit)?*

*clearly an allusion to
unusably new fertilizer;
a potential scorching of
the soil?

where did you take her when the vats.....

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

for the bloody wisent for the spermy (frogs?)*

*who is speaking here?

lots of people opened that door

splayed on the butchering dust I opened my thighs

where? when you took them with him?

the island flowers the swamp flowers*

*might this be an initial
allusion to the Good Land?

she took him with them for her

where?with him for it?

she opened her XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXand never minded

she took him splayed from them to cover it*

*singular confusion of
pronouns here. I do not

know who I am when I
read this. How magnif-
icent.

pressed down to raaling goruck juice oy copper vats by prophecy
when you took them with him
as they were shown through the entrance she whinied like the auroch
where I and she reared
in every case they.....
when we all together ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
o and a life
a life a life a life a life a life a life a life a life a life
punctured by valleys, ever even, punctured by punctures
punctured and punctured and what's left is fingernail
unburied, dangerous above ground, rotting slowly pintrpnit!
in the shadow of fingernail we (I?) ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXlianregnif fo wodahs eht ni~~
stav gnimaets ekil serutcnup fo wodahs eht ni
suru rof efil a efil a efil a efil a efil a dna o*

*apparent sudden appearance
for the first time in these
texts of the boustrophedon!
reminiscent of the Lemnos
Stela of course--but how
much later that was; this one
may be the first boustrophe-
don!

and cry with the force of testicles aw-aw-nib-gi-gi*

*this verbal, 'o answering
answerer,' operates in the
hortatory vocative impera-
tive, an idiosyncratic tense,

apparently a mood, but most clearly a real case. Cognates in later Semitic (as for instance Square Arabic) assure us that the term represents intonationally nothing less than a scream of despair, released at high pitch after the solemn incantation of three low notes, in our notation perhaps C below the bar lines in the treble clef. Specifics are hard here. Interestingly the scream leads into the magic barter list, itself maybe a cover for intermittently forbidden Utopian speculations.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX....

..... but if you do, give 17 washingtons for 1 cylinder seal in exchange

give a beginning (hair?) in exchange for a wood zag-sal*

**

*zag-sal: an eleven string--
1 1/2 octave--harp

**apparently the start of a
barter ritual... a wig for
an instrument here?

give a mountain-size platter in exchange for a horde of our people

give a risen millet stalk, give a giant rye in exchange for a hunger-servant

give a healthy lettuce and a drinking-tube in exchange for*

*according to Saggs, the let-

tuce was, and still is, responsible 'for the transmission of a great deal of water-borne disease.'

give fresh yoghurt in exchange for a horde of our people

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX.....

give a great netting of fish in exchange for a hunger-servant

give a milking-stool and a calf in exchange for a thin wormy thigh-bone

give a bone spoon and another bone spoon and another in exchange for a XXX*

*the phrase 'in exchange for' shows every possibility of also meaning 'for the benefit of', a meaning readily discoverable in the sub-dialects of silversmiths and lyre-players

give a drainage system for the miserable without pattern (shoes?)*

*we know that only government buildings in the archaic context had drainage systems. So this line is of transcendent importance. In it we finally meet, unequivocally, the direct thrust of the first socialist voice in recorded human history. The single voice cries out in early compassion. Who can now easily doubt that the formula 'in exchange for,' served as a mask for the writer's anti-hierarchical intent? No contemporary of mine can conceive of the genius and will necessary for one man to break through the almost total thought-control of the archaic hierarchies.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXX lianregnif fo wodahs eht ni

stav gnimaets ekil serutcnup fo wodahs eht ni
nam rof efil a efil a efil a efil a efil a dna*

*boustrophedon again; for all its hope and spiritual valor, we are in this 20th century at an end. It is a mere 5,000 years since, and the story near over.

Harold Dull: SONG

**Marriage hurts most
when there are still flowers in the smoke.**

*

Stephen Jonas died in February of this year at 49, four and a half years after Jack Spicer's death occasioned the letter here printed for the first time. The letter was read aloud by his life-long friend Raffael de Gruttola at Jonas' burial in Mt. Hope Cemetery, Boston. It was the only ceremony. The text, edited by Gruttola and Gerrit Lansing, appears now as a sign and a preliminary, towards a long overdue public awareness of Jonas' work. In a future issue, Caterpillar expects to make available a number of Jonas poems; the unpublished poems of Stephen Jonas are in the care of a committee made up of Gruttola, Lansing, John Wieners and Scott Bluestone. 7

March 12, 1970

Dear Clayton,

Enclosed is a letter by Stephen Jonas which I found in his unpublished manuscripts. Gerrit and I have edited it--Gerrit mentioning you were interested in having it for Caterpillar.

Needless to say Steve never sent the letter to those listed; however, it does have all the roots that later went into the development of the Orgasms (Dominations now). It also has that Revolutionary Spirit John Wieners recognized in Steve back in '54. I believe it was written in the Spring of '65 or a month after Spicer's death??

sincerely,

I have been moved by the death of Jack Spicer. For the past month since this unfortunate event, some communication has been attempting to get thru to me. I feel that the Oracle made efforts to inform him, however due to his, Spicer's, refusal to investigate certain areas of History, Economic History, and the Tradition available only to those whose mental chemical makeup is such that it is favorable to enlightenment, he did not receive communication. This must not reoccur. To err is human but to repeat is folly indeed. I am moved to be-

lieve that a few of us (to be named at the bottom of this communication) must ally ourselves to mutual benefit.

Benefit. Let me define. I mean those of us actively engaged in Poetry would do well to keep abreast of events abt us; to interpret those events for what they actually imply. For reasons too obvious we cannot proselytize or organize the vulgar. The burden of the bulk of humanity's sufferings and enslavement is always a thorn in our sides. It is axiomatic that "the people" can be led but cannot be instructed to know.

There are certain realizations that must be accepted by us. The first and foremost is that The Republic of the United States no longer exists. Aside from this is the grim actuality that our Nation is under conquest. It is not known to the masses of our compatriots because of very insidious reasons. It is unique in History. Conquests in the past we know & recognize have come from invading armies from outside. The conquest of this Country came abt thru the insemination of foreign monies among the members of both our houses of Congress. The problem of keeping the Union intact was uppermost at that time in the hearts and minds of Americans of good will in public office, including our great president Abraham Lincoln. The conquerors saw their opportunity, in that the Nation needed necessary funds to finance this operation.

The conquerors had aids working inside the Nation to their interests. These traitors with their monetary power effected the National Banking Act in 1862. President Lincoln felt & wrote of its dire consequences to future generations of Americans. Mr Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury Salmon P. Chase after seeing this piece of legislation in operation saw its insidious implications and urged its repeal. He had the support & backing of President Lincoln. To eliminate any persons opposed to their interests, the traitors, it is needless to doubt, had President Lincoln assassinated. Here the "facts" are non-existent but when a chain of events has been observed for a considerable length of time, one can make, with almost certainty, a prediction.

I do not want to go into the history in detail here of how the conquest step by step built itself up. In 1913 they effected the Federal Reserve System. The control of press, books, and later radio and T.V., completed the conquerors' iron-tight policing of the Nation. They are in control of both the "sham" political parties, and the selection of the two candidates every four years for their approval is vital. The men or power conquerors who own & control the Nation are not named in print and never come into the public eye.

We herein listed below must, to transmit the Light to the seceding generations, keep each other informed from our posts scattered across the Nation. The few books still available to us must be listed and communicated to each other from time to time. We lack numbers & the instruments to oppose our conquerors. But we have the duty imposed upon us to transmit the Light. When false lights appear among us under the guise of Artists they must be exposed to those of us below listed.

From time to time I shall write letters to you revealing the hidden implications behind movements, acts of state, and persons, in the public eye. We cannot play the game according to our traditional rules and code. We cannot accept the authoritative definitions of words and events. The Light has gone out.

The Devil sits upon the throne of the world. All things to make sense must be reversed. Our only guide is the Secret Tradition and let us find ourselves to be Watchers. We have a common bond. We have read the same Books. The lessons of History and especially Egypt must be studied most seriously. Egypt was demoralized by "dilution of the wine," weakened and eventually conquered by stronger & more vigorous tribes. Some Watchers were there and interpreted the acts and events and passed the Light on.

Those listed below are requested from time to time to submit letters for the rest of us. I feel that what I am moved to, here, is Inspired. We must, if necessary, act the Fool, but conceal our snake beneath the Rose. To bring Order in our heads and set our Hearts to Sinceritas, is vital. How can we botch. A sign will appear and we must be at full recognition to receive it and apply it to the job at hand. These letters must be preserved for posterity, it is my opinion that unfocussed eyes best not be shown them. My name as writer of this first letter will appear first, the others in such order as they occur.

Hold fast.

Stephen Jonas

Gerrit Lansing

Robert Duncan

John Wieners

Charles Olson

Robin Blaser

Robert Kelly

/editor's note: perhaps it is appropriate to mention here that Caterpillar #12 will be a Special Issue, devoted entirely to the work of Jack Spicer & Robin Blaser. Regular issues will resume with #13 when the magazine has moved to the west coast. #13 thru #20 will be edited from northern Los Angeles.7

Thomas Meyer:

AS WE' RE EACH CALLED TO ATTEND THE ECLIPSE

This morning the post brought
a wing ripped from a strychnine poisoned chicken.

A few feathers fall on the mat
caught up in a cold, late wind.
I am accused.

Tonight Barbara Buvée
stalks my dreams in black 17th century robes,
carries a stolen host & crystal dildo to
Juno's chambers through hypnotic halls.

The chalk white women giggle
& smear their bald heads, forelocks & faces
with curdled milk.

I blow a mouth of water over the wing,
this cools the craft afoot, but the knot tied
asleep, awake can't be cut.
The call's gone out.

I answer yet weep for the changes:

the single fish vanishes in the rapid beck,
the red tulips no longer dance in the cool kitchen,
they fade like hearts on green stalks,
their wrinkled petals yawn replies.

Some other music melts the frost & pokes the fire.
Some one else closes the door &
prepares the afternoon this morning.

Hugh Seidman:

(5 poems

UNDER THE FLOOR

The way a man wedged in under the floor
will hear the foot falls of the others
treading on the boards

will hear their tapping at the mark
and will believe they are the searchers

where he lies
pressed against the bottom of their soles
or with eye upon the faces of their clocks
in those hours below the cracks

when the shoes unlace and drop upon his heart
and his scrapings are the noise
before the mind will break

to move this nail that scratches on his eyelid
this unchangingness

when the boards creak and he remembers
why he does not sleep
while the silent pulse drums in the inlay

for there he has become the floor
where men walk and are pulled toward

THE PILLAR

Strange how the sense
adhered to form significance
and called it to assume itself.

The immaculate pillar
of their self destructed winter
glinted whitely in the mind.

The fault was to think
 she would be anywhere--
 an imperfect attention
 which informed each act
 in a structure of error.

He felt he could feel differently:
 in perfect attention
 the use of event must follow.

But when the word passed,
 and perception closed
 to its distorted spore,
 he faltered to the sense
 of what was lost from sense.

Yet the pillar stood
 thru all humiliation and mischance,
 the core against disturbance
 that was itself disturbance,
 in its fixity and need to be.

For love to make his way
 to this whitened pillar
 demanding its solidity.

AF FAIR

The black pigeon straggles under the parked car
 I feel the pain of the cracked wings
 I reach to it but it hides near the wheel

Later I see the bloody and headless
 Half-body of a pigeon lying in the street

The ease of such comparison persists
 We struggle to survive these sentiments

SIRIUS

Pathfinder.
 Opener of the ways.

Guardian of the horizon.
Bringer forth and destroyer.

In the night of enlightenment.

To stare at the putrid dog
until we ourselves are the stench.

Keeper of the word.
Dealer of the logos.
-- I am the path to possession.

The teeth marks on the end
of the rope that binds.

The wall at the edge
of the field before fall.

LANDSCAPE

I thought, how once the sun rose,
and of the black sun,
hung forever in this heaven.

I lean my arms of the balustrade,
face to the sea and form you:
the vanish point of the dead horizon.

At level to the topmost branch,
the total length of the tree,
pivotng slowly to the wind.

Creature of the genital despair.
Thalassal regressor.
Stander upon the world.
Conjoiner of the great circles.

Theodore Enslin:

SYNTHESIS,
Parts I and II

1.

A tall ghost of a fellow,
 a fellow who needs fleshing out,
 the way we begin, or the way
 we think of beginning,
 however the land lies
 hid!

hid

(hid, sotto voce,
 well, we are at the top of
 the point of beginning..

The sound
 dies away.
 More men die than we---
 no!

it is the negative,
 and no verb.
 Could begin it a number of ways.
 Listen!

all you knew is a
 scatter of leaves
 (like salt buckets)
 I imagine
 scrape/on/sand---

scarp
 the escarpment---
 the outward---

what do we listen for?
 why
 listen.
 Yes!
 and yes
 yes?

I haven't started.
 Look!
 what I have to say

comes over the letters.

I can't print' em
contrapunctum.
I can't. --

A man
showed me his cellar
yesterday.

I liked it---
the bricks covered with crap.
(They call it 'culch' here.
Same damned thing.)
And that's one way of looking.

It is not

(a dozen times I scratch it)
It is not a possible thing
to

call outward.
It is not---however--

it is
this -

you -
getting up steam
wondering how much pressure.
Valves?

Well,
succulent the verbs

(and esculent) - the
'n you' d think-
but I would

not
drop
break of wound

on
not the stones
but

break -
oh god -
a young man in an old one,
and I am not young
break

break
there must be a tide.
Only thing is
noon
and afternoon
and morning.
Christ! You can fart
a time

bomb

you!

well it might be
that you looked out a window
That you saw---
and---

(I won't use the leaning,
that's for later)
succulent

oh!
time and time again.
I fell forward in a mist of doing---
of the doing is the morning
is the---
break the---

no, Matt Arnold,
I respect your beach.
Hell, gotta get out of here.
Once again the sea.
I never writ that,
but I have seen it---
I, forward.
Hm.

Haven't got to the beginning yet.
I.

It is not possible for you
to know our lives:
How the roles switch,
and the male becomes
female in its dependence---
a neuter thing at times.
I could not say, 'here.'
The tall ghost fleshes out
and yet

I
speaking of distances
crush the gravel
against shoe's instep--
yet I
do not hesitate.

Static---
oh, there's limbo.
I will begin
you
will,
however it is
the latter way across.

Do you know?
 Break
 as the bank breaks
 under the full tide.

Tenuous, but not as thread,
 as thread is not tenuous,
 and does not pass
 to ash---finally the shade of ashes.
 (The footman brings me
 a breakfast.

His tall boots click
 on the new washed floors.
 It is a way of beginning---
 but not mine.)

Could it be open?
 Well, the window opens.
 Quite measurably,
 in a place of immeasure.
 Stupid word---

I make it
 out of need which is the same
 as not needing anything.
 I have been wondering.

I

yah
 I - who -
 But I haven't begun
 talking

to say nothing of the beginning
 of a poem

which is hardly a poem,
 only the expressing,
 but crudely,
 against the smelter's iron.

I looked out the door
 and saw the head of the flat
 tansy blossoms,
 the corymb,

and I said
 to the only one who could know,
 or for whom saying altered it,
 that I thought the blossoms
 made congress.
 Yes, I guess they do.
 Thinking,

and I guess the whole

thing gets down to:

thinking (one word
in which I have been suspended,
but not.)

You see, old buddy,
I too have dug clams,
and I've seen days when it came up
out on level shores, where there was sense,
and the heavy smell of the sea.
(Went back later for breakfast.)
Then I turned in,

meaning that I didn't sleep,
and scraped the sand off my legs.

The elder, arbiter,
told me that I shouldn't finish it.
Of course I did, which was spite,
and the saying that I am a stubborn man.
But he was right,
as I was.

So I got a new poem.
No, Louis, it's the same one,
and I'm giving it to you, and to
young Harry, and to Robert the Bard,
and to Mark, the healer, and to those
who won't read it, but I
can't give it really anywhere except
to my dear wife,

who, as you friends are not,
is my accomplice:

Christina.

Having said that,

I almost end the poem.
Not quite ended in the saying.
I go forward with it,

as with

Matt Arnold's Beach,

with the

bind of withe,
the sprung string---the holding
the love which turned us to ourselves.
No, you will not know
how we are to ourselves
one night a long time from here,
but you will know that I work for us
in devious ways.
I read a short time ago,

about a man who had looked
into his fire

and found a place to spit.

Well, I got wood to split,
and me not ready to split it.

But: Spit and split,
I'll wield the arms.

So Louis, Harry, Mark, Robert:
four men I love,

I look at myself.

Two legs stand out of a trunk.

They don't say I've suffered,
and I guess I'd better not.

Christina,

what I say to you is closer,
makes it as the touch and gesture
make it. It is hard to say the truth,
and yet we do say things
which are relative---

known as the hesitant
dependencies,

as careful as a stockbroker's gamble,
and as wildly reckless.

To say that
the hill is bald

is to
look at it from one side
and draw conclusions.
It is hardly a wisdom.

The tall ghost gave up on wisdom
sometime ago,

and he was right about it.

Certainly he could not state it
from a lack of flesh----

Somewhere a line,
one that was abandoned.

No matter, I have forgotten it,
somewhere else it

will appear

in its own time

I suppose---or the time
left it.

Do you always know?
Of course not.

I do not
nor you---Robert, Harry, Louis, Mark,
nor you, Christina---
not any of us.

But let us sell
bravery which is not pity,
or no words for either.

And of those who answered,
not a single one remains---
few enough who answered twice,
or acted upon it.

Beware the follower:
Paul coming after Christ,
a question of organization,
along with the elaboration of
certain physical defects,
traumas,

to the loss of the spirit.

The lid finally on,
and nothing more to be said about it.

We move into scale---
into the morning---
It would be easier
if we shored it up
or oiled the channels.

No--

gainsaying -
enough said
already.

Who looks at me?
or you?

who breaks

the carrion-tearing beak
above certain oddments?

It was a strange day.

No doubt it was.

We break

fortuitously
our angers,
and accustomed ruth.

Maybe the tall ghost is
moving in here.

It is too soon to say.
He knows so little of what he sets
in motion,

motioning
the fan-wise
scale

wind

circling
his head bent

testing the darkness
with a feather
for what

are ashes?

Eheu!

What face? Or in a face?
About faced -

is time
touched.

Someone says, "It gets me?"
but not enough.

And sleep is troubled
on account of---

I have a place to work---
lately

I have discovered it.
Any clutter,

and under a place
that acts as superstructure - the
endless confusion of belts and cogs
thought necessary for a single act.
But it is important that you know this,
as important that I find work to do
which may be in it,
but will go out of it.
It is a frailty---
oh the final mistake
between lines and lines---
the serried ranks.

And the small bright earth
for Högen's lotus pot:
"From the East or West of the bridge?"
"I found it at the east."
"Is it the truth, or a delusion?"
Or is the place?

or the work?
Times on the bell-buoy
swinging:
Too soon - too late.

I suspect something,
(or I upset it)
I don't care what---
it was nothing but the world
attached to the back of my hand.
Then at one time, having written:
"Numerous neighborly people with trucks,"

which numbs and exasperates
even in the way it speaks of men.
But we go through these things---

ΔcΔ

What shall I say now?
Looking at the tall ghost
subsuming into flesh?
or would I say at all?
Could I place him
in a room with flowers?
With others that speak better than he does---
balancing cups and saucers,
or just cutting a hunk of cheese
with a penknife?
Whenever the movement breaks
more movement

or as movement

is in no moving
stays,

I will accept it
or attempt it,
attempt to be with it
and with you.

(Just now the lightning
at the corner of my eye
which may have been real
or

real---imaginary.

A mark of fatigue,
or a displaced lense.
No matter---it was light---
I was illumined.)
Indeed.

A few more signs,
signatures

engraved tablets
on the blown wind---
It could be called by many names
or any,
Many enlightenments

(any

echo

many)

In terms of a world
accomplish

nothing.

Nothing being quantity,
It is not

no thing.

And I wish I had something
 to send someone who would care about it,
 you, or him, or---
 but it is not unnameable.
 The limits are set by their ownness.
 Unique infinity.
 Or awareness.

Or these are the stains of rain on me,
 upon my knees,
 which is the graphic impossibility:
 Sin being unknown
 or talked about
 as if it were human.
 The gift is still given.

Not to hark back,
 not to listen---
 oh whistling arrows
 make of me
 the broken one
 leaking at the edges,
 and I a broken sieve
 to fall through
 dead mens' tongues
 which speak,
 but only to voices of the dead,
 and in them.
 Their runes,
 or their idleness,
 as chatter must be seen to.

This is the house that death built.
 It has four corners,
 windows doors.
 It is almost like any other house
 on the street---
 but it stares
 at them---
 and they stare at it.
 They know---these houses---
 what the men in the street
 refuse to know.

Almost returned to the birds---
 snow birds

buntings
skittering on the road.
But there is no snow,
no hint yet in the north.
Only the birds'
insistence.

Or what did we find there?
Beyond the books
miraculously intact?
Who kept a watch on us?
(for we were watched)
not for our taking
or plain thievery?
Watched
and looked after.

Mark says,
' How many spokeshaves'
lying by the railroad tracks
have I passed?
you passed?'
As the arrowhead is
' everywhere.'
A question of perception,
rules out the incontinent coincidence.

And that tall ghost of a fellow
must' ve watched us all the time.

It is fair enough:
To want
to wit
want life
or whatever is entailed
in living.
But the ones we do not know,
or do not know themselves,
live over and enough.
" The beautiful people never live, "
as was told me
in a dream.
I believe this,
though it has nothing to do
with ethics or credo.

And that tall fellow watching
all the time---

the ghost-patience
in his watching.

Or a few dance steps
taken lightly
pace
and pace.

I go forward with them.
Through these
and away---the last spaces
in the hills.

Whoever knows---knows succinctly.

It is not knowledge---
whispered along pulse
the upward blood.

It is not the bare intuition.
We have seen bare trees.

It is
open.

It partakes of both,
moves further
into a world of ghosts,
or away from them,
but not denying the pale fellow---
the conductus.

Many hours I have spent alone,
and days
when it would have been better
to have been with others.

I know that,
but I do not
spend my time within it
feeling for
something.

As a poet is both:

the {feeler
maker

I move outward to another place.
I would wish it simple,
but the wish itself
is not simple.

And then?
It depends
on many credences,
many things,
most of which I do not know

or want to know,
knowing that there is knowledge:
its obverse.

It occurs to me,
and then I look.
That pale ghost of a fellow
stalks,

 stalks me,
but not with malice.

He would like to know
who I am,
but he is not myself
as I once thought him.
Yes?

No?

Break all the borders,
we will go outside---
there we will find
ourselves

 and others
sweating under the baggage of removal.

It is a hard case,
and the burdens are heavy---
heavier than we had thought,
as thinking was the worst of it
and still is.

We do not move wisely,
oppressed by directions.

And in a field of yarrow---
what one might call a yarrow pasture---
to go among heady leaves,
or other bitter herbs:
Tansy and sweet-flag---calamus root.
Not in the usual sense of it,
no festival,

 but to be among bitterness.
When the day is hot,
or the darkness close,

 it will be enough
to have known the smell of life,
not as a pleasant or unpleasant thing.
There are always the interruptions,
feeble,

 and then more insistent.
A way to get on through them.
Again equals:
Times and times
out of times

or break
the context.
"Do not waste your time in time."
Or to attempt the estate of being,
a different view than 'state'.
To hold fief title?
It would be the simplest way,
but there are liens,
ancestral bones,
if not the promptings.
It is thus,
and not thus,
a totality.

That tall ghost again---
how he wants fleshing out,
or fleshly being!

(Would say that this amount
---in a small pan---
would be sufficient.)

Or as a red sun coming up
from a partial horizon
fleshes the day---
in this form to flesh out the ghost.
(The height may be an illusion,
making up for breadth.)
Could be the immersion
---or inversion---
of small things
in larger ones.

this
not this
leading
a totality.
And that we lead for it with the chin.
Making out of the dim mist
a form,
is not the form itself,
nor would it be
by seeing clearly
the relative---
only to the eye
which makes it possible to see.
What seen?
What ever?
You make a circle inscribed

with light touches---
 but you do not change the circle,
 or even touch circle itself,
 except as you think of it.
 So, this tall ghost---.

The strength of each time is
 an own belief
 as own kindred.
 Belief in anything fills in the gap
 as an honest deceit.
 Serves to get over the hump.

Sensing that the small sliver of moon
 would be there,

I looked.
 It is not important that I saw it,
 or that it made sense to see it.
 The tall ghost standing with me
 saw as much,
 but said nothing about it,
 or about what he saw,
 which may have been
 a/the difference---
 one made out of paradox,
 or parallels.

What the hell ?
 Does any of it make 'sense'
 in the way of sense ?
 Or should I have gone to bed
 which was a great temptation ?
 We tense ourselves
 for whatever we think might happen,
 but are relaxed for what does---
 the quantity being before---
 the quality afterwards.

By right of alchemy:
 The reverent ash
 (or more properly---
 coal still burning.)
 It is in the mind, created,
 not by itself.

But what is to be preserved,
 not made of nothing
 which was not already,
 as all is and is not.
 "'n you should have better sense than that."

From the best well-wishers,
 and those clinically tested,
 to the-man-in-the-street,
 queasy and outraged at the moment
 by what he senses as the difference,
 what he may have missed,
 something he cannot enter,
 what he envies,
 something like that.
 Waiting to take revenge
 for what he cannot have:
 He stacks his trials.
 Nietszche mentions this,
 and it's how all of us get what's coming.
 Fear it?

Damn right I do,
 but only as a man who passes
 through:

ΔΛΔ

out the other side.

The 'reverent ash' ---
 what does it revere?
 Or do we revere it?

And I learn what I can do without---
 the ease

after the initial shock.

It is not easy,
 but an ease
 in stance.

So that what it comes to
 cannot be reduced to a formula,
 the formula being the size of it---
 which is all of it---
 any of it---and none of it.
 No paradox.
 Whatever is created outside of this,
 becomes it as well.
 Is not gnomic.

We mention whom we mention,
 not those who are nearest,
 or not important.
 Nor what happened on the hill
 eating a cold supper
 in the frost---.

Sometimes, from revelation
 to the next enlightenment
 is a second split
 by just such inner moments.
 (And I will not forget the tusked curve
 of two scotch pine branches.
 They had something to do with it.)

Now, when the surge is uppermost,
 strongest against feeling,
 or for it,
 the deadness of the heart
 quickens
 mightily
 looses.
 And we know what has to be done.

"Next?"
 But there is no 'next'.
 It is all contemporaneous to the doing.
 Whatever we know is the most completely known.
 And what happens
 in complete reversal?
 Whom to invoke?
 Or where to loose an arrow?
 Caught in a paper bag---
 'n you'd have thought
 I'd known better.
 And by just such things---
 as in the box or bag---
 to keep out light
 which illumines greatly
 (by its absence.)
 Days that go by without a step's direction,
 or stance-change.
 Yet they do open
 slowly,
 at times
 burst
 quickly.
 Well, you have known.
 The rest is easy enough.
 And to do ill by one
 is doing good
 only
 it is not always something that can be seen
 that way.

Coming across bridges,
we cross only one at a time,
but the mind's eye catches several,
and we fall between,
hardly knowing what we've done,
certainly not why.

It is a momentary aspiring,
and then the damp mud
where the feet are:
stuck.

But we do move out.
Count on that.

The pale ghost in his freedom
nods agreement.

It is difficult to say why.
It happens---
simply.

Now, not to brood on that---
to take the day foremost
as it is roundest
at full moon

(or midnight)
moon's trickery in that,
to go out emptily,
to take IN what comment he makes,
or cry, 'Kwatz!'
This emptiness

that lonely, open,
field of flowers

(after parturition,
what the woman must feel
in her fulness

which is empty.)

Whatever goes on here.
I am at a loss to say---
if, even, I wanted to say it.
That is a question,
brought up as a moot point.
Baited on a hook
that will not catch
more than sideways.
Eheu! What to believe?
if not the self
first and last
with no space between?
You see it---

and you don't.

Could I address these friends once more?
 A monologue grows chilly,
 around the knees,
 to the bones,
 from the floor where water freezes.
 Bespeak the others!

Then as now.

They will hear it,
 if they do not understand.
 You are, by some accounts,
 a teacher,
 if only in dreams,
 or more than that, a healer,
 or both, or Prester John.
 They heal, or make difficult,
 it is the same.

I have slept on that old wound
 as if it contained the burst fragments
 of shrapnel, working toward the heart,
 but not quite reaching it
 ---yet.

It does not wink out,
 or grow dim with age.
 The bandage is still bloody,
 though in other pain
 I can sometimes forget it,
 and go on to other things.

That is all.

It is difficult to imagine
 what it would be like
 without it--

as if a rotten tooth
 were favored,

and then, being out,
 needed no favoring.

The habit would still be there.

Well, you know all this
 you, whom he preferred,
 that tall ghost,
 what he might say to you.

---That there is one area which
 remains dark and ugly.

Something that can be talked about,
 (and then cannot

to be sure,) but it is there, nevertheless,
 even without the talking.

And then, too, I remember
 the woman skipping like a child,
 as if to show her joy
 at release from too many months
 in the city:

To have come here,
 to the woods.

But it was false,
 and not quite what it should have been---
 calculated, and in no way
 spontaneous

as she intended us to think.
 Perhaps the other, her husband,
 was taken in by it,
 or perhaps he simply didn't care,
 being used to her thought-through
 vagaries.

But I was not deceived,
 and I wondered then,
 if I had been wise
 to bring them here

in the first place.
 Perhaps I should have lit more fires than I have.
 thus far refusing to do it---
 sitting close to one fire
 with a grey shawl

(homespun)
 around my shoulders

as our elders did,
 and thinking that for more work expended,
 I could do more here,
 which is a cancelling out,
 and I hear the thin fellow laugh,
 no doubt less sensitive than I am.

Or I remember walking in the railroad cuts,
 seeing the dates---

small nail heads
 set in the ties

to attest soundness,
 or when attention might be needed.
 I was wondering what I did those years,
 whether anything was fairly set
 in a roadbed.

And I charge you:
 I fully realize what is killing me:

When I said,
 " Flying blind,"
 and you countered with,
 " And your eyes wide open."

Which is true,
 but does not alter it.
 I could put the blame there,
 and I do, of course,
 shadow boxing
 arguments to that effect.
 Reproach on reproach.
 But it is myself.

I should have known
 better than I did---
 despite the outer wounds,
 gone away when I said I would.
 It is harder now,

but that is no matter.

Taken at face value,
 all of your protests are ridiculous.
 I can say that without flinching,
 nor does she mean to move from them.
 But I stay on.

I no longer hope,
 but stay

on-

'On' becomes its own echo.
 I pledge it.

Such nonsense
 out of such clarity!

Well, whom I know, then,
 not with whom I live
 or do not live---a charity that I do not.

Warm lights,
 for a dark room with small fire,
 out of darkness.
 It will seem warmer.
 There is its reason.
 or a raison d' etre,
 it becomes necessary to justify.
 But we are not justifying, wisely.

As:

On the day when I wrote to him,
 saying merely
 that it was afternoon,

and that I was writing six letters,
 because I happened to like the idea
 of that afternoon---myself---and six letters.
 So there, the tall one
 laughs again.

All those pieces of warm metal
 endlessly turning and snapping
 as if they would break---.
 But they do not break.
 I go on listening to them---
 making as much sense from that
 as anything else in my life
 which precedes,
 or might be thought to follow.

It would not be good to finish it off.
 Art does not end it,
 or even, in synthesis,
 finish.

It cannot die
 or----.

2.

But there was no particular respect for language implied by the regularization of spelling. Rather, the reverse. It was to reduce language to the same systematized midwifery as common huckstering. It was an invention of the nineteenth century, which could make it almost categorically bad, except that categories belong to that century---and that is not the object---rather it is to open up to that expanding field which has been lost for far too long, and I don't mean exactly that field of which some of my contemporaries talk, although I tend in that direction. Lost for too long, if, indeed, we ever had it. Rumors were dropped, but that was mostly the size of it. There no well-developed hints. To return to language: It was a man's pleasure to write 'blew' or 'blewe' as designation of the color, if it so suited him, and suited the particular force, explosive or quiet, of his language, his particular use of it, and it was acceptable if he indiscriminately (which made his discrimination) used older and newer forms in the same breath, and said 'it' in one place and 'ytte' in another. All of the verve and delight in words and their possibilities lost under the same grey cod-

ification that put crinoline pantaloons on piano legs, excluded 'fuck' and 'cunt' from polite language. Only now that these hardy old Anglo-Saxon words in their terse accuracy are finding themselves in dictionaries once more, and with carelessness which is to be deplored, and flux which is not, that spellings are becoming unorthodox and ec-centric once more.

that's it---flux and flex, almost like Hengist and Horsa. They go together and they imply strength.

Respect comes in use---the use that may wear a thresh-old low enough so that a cold wind seeps into the house eventually, but at least it's in use, and the wind for all its momentary discomfort, is alive. We do not embalm and disinfect the words of our language---the words of our personal language---not wisely. I don't care what Webster says, nor what has been entombed in Oxford. I do care how I speak. I'll look up histories of words there, though I'd often prefer Skeat for that purpose, but it will be for meaning and derivation, not for either the arbitrary rules of hyphenating syllabic structure (if I want to, I'll divide a word and put one letter on the following line---once this was common practice) and not for a spelling which can only approximate what I say---at the very best.

Respect for the dead is no respect. It is in the living, and a pox on the undertakers' societies, or the underwriters of my insurance. I do not choose to be careful. I do not love the law.

But it is only now that we are moving away from the rigid set of our grandfathers' century that we feel the full effect of what was done to us. Even though these were the people who instituted the darkness, they were still under the comparatively lighter aegis of their own grandfathers, and thus escaped to a great measure the feeling of the noose they were carefully weaving for us. It is similar to inertia. Even so, they were still able to write literately---even in such things as trade journals. At the same time they were in the process of making the function so humanly distasteful that it was impossible for us to continue their tradition. So that the university of their imposed rules which were supposed to make knowledge more readily communicable, actually drove men into different corners---very much as if an electric rod had been placed in water and had dispersed a school of fish. We no longer communicate with each other on the simplest levels, but are driven into burrows and caves---from which we signal fearfully, hoping that we will attract the notice of those who are friendly and can understand us, and not the attention of our enemies, whom we imagine in our mass paranoia to be myriad. It came from hating---the hatred of the body, and the hatred of the life in the body. It was there that respect was lost first, and it showed in communication before it was apparent on other levels. Samuel Morse tapped out, "What hath God wrought?", but he might better have said, "What hath man destroyed?" No century and a half in all of history, recorded in rocks as in books, has seen a more wholesale destruction of species than the one from which we are now emerging with even greater plans for laying waste, despite of all the cries for conservation, be it by Smokey Bear or his creators. We are in grave danger, and we can't even tell each other what that danger is, or where it lies. We do not recognize our world any longer, and our place in it

is increasingly less tenable.

I do not intend to be 'quaint', nor am I a throw-back pining for 'the good old days.' I must find my own language, even if it means that I must invent it. There is no context left in which I can be individual or whole. The levellers, the prophets of democracy, forgot that it is only by the individuals' peculiarities that other men are reached. By ending a common tradition through bureaucracy any tradition which is left becomes alien and unavailable. The norm is not normal.

Oh, but you know that fire never goes out. It is not always a joy that this is the case. Sometimes I would infinitely prefer if the fire were to die of its own accord, even though I might be cold, risk sacrifice, perhaps even die of the cold---that certain and steady cold which seeps through the walls at floor level, perhaps over the worn threshold. At least I would have respect for the thing which destroyed me. Imagine, though, the extreme joy which I have had in that same fire when things were going well---the feeling of success when I had accurately cut and placed a night log which took up almost the entire space of the firebox. This was, of course, one of those times when I really wanted and needed the fire, even though it might smolder, and give me the knowledge of its being more than any actual heat. And then there was the content in having done it, in knowing that through I would have to do it again, perhaps under less favorable circumstances, there would always be what I did do, what brought my survival to this instant, even a survival which toyed with the idea of self-destruction. (I wonder if I would think of doing myself in with as much equanimity on an empty stomach, or in a cold house?) Things that a man alone can think of---mold into his own language---perhaps a cipher language to which only he has key---and yet a universal language without the speciousness of Esperanto through its own individuality---its peculiar relationship to him, which is a common relationship to all. The individuality of the language which supersedes his, as it becomes its own individual problem, and no longer his, since it has left him. Is this clear? It should not be: To attain its own clarity. Now to turn that log over---

One can expect me momentarily, but expectations be damned. I will not be there, due to another set of circumstances---my own. I have arrived. It is just so with the arrival of a personal language. It is hard enough at best. We do it more than an ill turn by preventing a natural process through bureaucratic regimentation. Was it this, in his own strange way, that Lord Timothy Dexter feared or planned against, when he put the pages of punctuation at the end of his book, rather than including them in the text? Possibly not, but he could have

been a real philologist, the greatest of them all, if it should be true. Philologist used as it has never really been used---a lover of words---no drybones professor grumbling over what he doesn't know about Greek roots.

So it becomes apparent that the means are not important, which is very different from saying that they justify ends. The accomplishment is not very important either. The joy in doing? Some might say that, and it is closer. I would hesitate to carry it that far, or not to carry it further. The respect in doing equals the individuality. There we might have something, without being pedantic about needs or therapy. It is the same as the singular individual and his spelling---what Dexter knew imperfectly. (I might think of planting the Kwanzan on the edge of the lawn where it would catch the earliest sunlight---whether I actually did it or not. *Ce n'est pas rien. Q. E. D.*) Or it was the setting of the moon which was important---not the rising of the sun.

Kleben: To cleave, and to hold together, the opposites are like---so I forgive myself for the moonset. I work towards these things, all of them, and with the fear of the cleaver. Why don't I fear the submersion in something other? The point is: I do. The point is not to be literal or literate about it---and to use a language which is completely its own, with the proper respect due such language. The birds again: Grosbeaks this time---all females---a high thin winter chittering.

Wondering is to wander---it seems to equal that---a wondering over the whole field---some of which seems extraneous---but none of which really is. There is a coherence. I know it by the inconsistency. I respect the inconsistent.

In his notebooks, several entries among the ones which recorded his earnings. Here is his language:

W. E. Church

Newport

Vermont

235 miles

Salem Pond Farm

from Boston

All kinds of Johns Wort
grows in this section.

Above Madrid

in road I dreamt of Gold
nuggett Comerette bridge Butterment
over spot now. They got the nugget
of Gold. F. A. F.

Sound of a cry in the night---could have been dogs---perhaps a bear. Or perhaps there was no cry at all, but a dream that woke prematurely, and seemed like waking. It is hard to keep the focus on one level at a time---but I don't suppose there is any virtue in the attempt. All levels---and to cut across all of them simultaneously. To produce a slice of life---what Gide was after in *Les Faux Monnayeurs*, and which is not a slice of cheese. Peel off the plastic wrapper, and the thing below it is still plastic. There is a choice: Eat either the plastic wrapper or the plastic product below it, or if you don't want to take the choice---eat both, and be satisfied that there was no material difference in taste---both being bad. The thing is to get the slices equally good, and to savor the changes of flavor as you go through them. With the cheese, and with most lives whatever could have been respected has not been.

What was it Bach tossed off before breakfast? I have forgotten what someone, a popular organist, said about a small fugue, but I would question if it had been tossed off. The size has nothing to do with the intensity. That is the quality of what presents itself, and what moves, eventually, into the field. It is the quality of inspiration that it denies time---and that it is, still, a drawing in of a breath. For that, there is respect, though often none from those who should give the most---those who should give the heart, and find they have none to give.

Or if it were to write a love letter this morning, it would have to be one which included the melody, whistled and sung on the way back from things that mattered---matutinal---the melody from what was supposed to have been by Haydn---the older cello concerto (older by knowledge of its existence) and which Kraft, his pupil, undoubtedly composed. You know: "Here we go gathering nuts in May---and when you were wondering about Haydn's name yesterday, I wish I could have been kinder. Dearest, I do.

Like what Picasso does with a painting in various stages of development ---to fine and refine it, or blur it, but to achieve the painting itself in all stages. The way it comes: Magister, Maistre, Meister, Maitre, Master. From Pathelin. Dignus Est.

Whatever my feeling was for the land---what was it? It entitled me to and entailed the same sort of respect. None of us own it---it is our friend so long as we are disposed to be friendly towards it. So long as we are. And there are the spurious, seeming figures of aristocracy who seem to understand this, but do not. The aristocrat is a peasant in the absolute sense of the word: A man of his soil. He does not buy things. The Americans try it, to become it---but they are still middle-class, no matter how much money, no matter how much yearning. The aristocrats died with the Adams' and Jefferson. Hamilton was wiser than most of his contemporaries, so he exists as a memory under a cloud, or at least, suspicion. The matter of taste in all this. A king tills his own land, cuts his fields and his woods. He knows why he does it, even if he delegates the doing. It is respect, and the land respects him. No one respects money---no thing.

When I asked him about the house, and about the old man who had lived there, he wouldn't say anything at first, and then, very cautiously, "Oh, Doc somebody or other lived there. Seems like it was Doc Furbish. I don't know whether he was a real doctor or not. Prob'ly not. But he was crazy as a loon." (In this context, is it worthwhile to add that the tansy bloomed here for exactly three months: From August 15 until November 15?) (It could have been by moonset, as the Kwanzan might experience it, the moonset for prima luce.) A man who dreamt of gold, and knew a place for johnswort---also gold---and who wrote about it in such vein was a doctor---a teacher, giver of doctrine. I would not fear him. he had the mark of his own doing.

Gone weak in the joints, as if the whole might collapse at a moment's notice---but still, holding on, attempting to make a life out of whatever was left, extracting the promise of life from what had less than the quality of it. It could be spelled out regularly. Push like hell! Whatever that means, or can come to mean. It may strengthen the joints, or it may destroy them completely---that they come unhinged. So I read through the book, forgetting the fires. Fortun-

ately it was a warm enough day so that it hardly made much difference, and anyway there were enough hot coals to rekindle by---boring through the solid and the weak joints. Or the biological vector which transmits disease---mic, mica, parva musca. And in old age he lay down---unstrung---and died the death.

On the side of the hill---a tree up on its roots---a black cherry holding with tentacles where the land has washed away from it. The sidehill slipping by those tenacious roots---a test---and space between them---a strong space ---strengthening the grip. The point of continuing in this manner? Oh, it will be known, when it is clear to all sides and undersides that whatever is touched, touches where all sense of touching must be, that it touches everything else, and that tidiness and relationships---similarities in the usual sense of what we mean by them--- "all of a piece" is meaningless unless it is all-inclusive--- which becomes the paradox, not a paradox.

A night for a little snow back in the hills, but I no longer lived there then, and was 'visiting' in much the same way that I had in the earlier days, before I came to live on the land. So that when I left, I went into less and less evidence of snow---finally into a completely different climate down below. There I saw the dim silhouette of a buck against the stars. He snorted his surprise, signalling to his two does, eventually leading them away---. I could take it as an augury, but I am not looking for signs these days---I am taking things easily---simply as they come, with no hope or despair in anything which 'ought' or 'might' be. It is only in this way that I am able to hold on. Many have told me that it is an unwise course. I will have more to say to them in the spring. For now, dealing with words and matters of respect, I put my back to the certain coming of winter and wait it out. It is not an easy course. For all the seeming ease. It is that small energy which is always behind what seems to be the ultimate effort.

Having gone up to the garret---memories of a young poet given as his autobiography, a memoir to Thoreau, from whom he took advice. But of course it would depend upon the kind of young poet who wrote back. It would take more than a skylight full of moonshine to make the adventure worth climbing the stairs in the first place. I mention it in passing, thinking of the name the young poet might take for himself, and the language in which he might write.

Returning to the language itself: A regularization might make it easier to grade term papers, but it would take away most of the value which might be in papers which could not be graded at all. It is a heart-freezing process. We move away from that, if we move at all. That we know at all is that we know that we do not know, and that our process is not one that opens up anything new or old---it is a seeming to know, while everything on the other side of us moves by other means. It is similar to the likenesses of those plants which look alike, and have no relationship except in the very broadest sense. We cannot move beyond this. It is a passion that most men have for order, an ordering and classification of things, but it is destruction as result.

In the early morning, looking over the valley, wondering whether it might be a good day despite the clouds around the sunrise (moonset was an hour earlier) I thought of these few things, and then some others---trailing---

Editor's note: Enslin's SYNTHESIS
is a poem in twelve sections, the first
two of which are here presented. More
sections of the poem will appear in fu-
ture issues of Caterpillar.

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Kenneth Irby: A NOTE (for Larry Goodell)

If you live alone, shouldn't your diversity of thoughts especially work on reaching to, rubbing sensitivity for, others' thoughts -- the intensity of not-yet-word thinking felt, that's in the imagination searching and fretting there, a new bornness/

not some desire to "read" minds or receive messages -- but to bring up and into play every nuance recorded in the back mown pasture memory bank of accumulation/

clearly, some people subsume a whole landscape -- to try to be with them, the one at the moment or if say two living together, that disparity, is to be in the country they inhabit, totally/

an image as a picture springs up and shifts frames, each element of, particularizes, is the individual plant of the variety of the species of the whole genus in that community on that hillside -- all the diverse gauges ever taken, and let fall back in, of the landscapes known

*

What, now, going back into the SW, New Mexico, that is, goes at?

what it always was at, but isn't satisfied here or there, and so returns to most freshnesses -- a smell of manhood first got a whiff of off daily acts there

Old infrequent solicitations were unthought of. Sex with anyone but self was never had except tragically -- so the manfulness wasn't satisfaction, and seemed involuntary, like hair, and mostly joyous, against all loneliness and desperations, in every day

*

If, as Spengler, "understanding the world, that is, being equal to it" --

then the first headsup encounters with yards, front and back, clumps of grass, (heavy money) -- somewhere carried a constant pitch of willingness to come against any landscape

but scared shitless with people always

*

That is, to reach to Goodell in Placitas with Portolá on my back

THE PRAJNA-PARAMITA HEART SUTRA

(A version for chanting, tentatively prepared after
consultation of other extant versions available)

Not so strange -- the results of arrogant causes (not admitted to have been seen only after the supposed effects) come habitually to be called purposes of some (pretended) plan. Everywhere, as the wheel turns, this weaving of the net of looking again and again at the past's excrement (no revision) keeps us asleep. A busy dream -- running to stay in the same place.

Thus to say of this carrying-across-through-this-me/vehicle -- translation only in that sense -- sutra of perfect wisdom. I sat in the dokusan room in my teacher's place and finished it. Snowbound in the city after the sesshin was the opportunity. Hammer and ladder sounds with no voice accompaniment told the zendo's remodelling by the monks. One was taught the kyosaku's use on my shoulders sometime in the middle of the sutra -- making more use of me as I sat so conveniently there. All as natural as the cold wind snow and the woman waiting for me alone a few blocks away, counting the time with hope. And again as to what I said at the beginning -- chanting is for recollection -- for gathering again to the central heart -- going on, going on. The strict regularity of it "cleanses the soul" into attentiveness -- no time left for the ego, such intensity towards the Self -- to let it be whole, more -- the chant itself its expression -- It itself. And OM -- ignorantly overused as it is, is the gravel of the path to our real forever familiar home, even when we say trite, or pronounce any judgment, any word at all. So the relentless regularity of the chanting, struck by the mokugyo -- the wooden fish -- is a going on -- a reminder of that only necessity -- not to tarry at all -- but to go beyond -- and beyond all rest or going. So chanting this may help carry beyond and beyond. It is another remodel of the old raft, that's all. If it is useful, use it. Words! It will be revised -- as it was made from revisions. As the kei gongs to awakening, phases end and the wheel turns. A new vision. A new revision. Use it. Chant it. Awaken and throw it away. Then chant it properly. This is the work of chanting.

And about the tempo -- it should be chanted just slowly enough to allow the unadorned meaning (emptiness) to be present -- and fast enough to allow nothing else. Find that pace. 7

Key: Δ -- gong (mark placed in margin if between lines, or otherwise over start

of accented syllable.
 — : Underlining indicates
higher tone.

△△△△

OM

- △ Hail, Mahapragnaparamita
- △ the great perfection of wisdom.
- △ Let all intent on highest wisdom hear!

△△

The Bodhisattva of compassion
from the depth of prajna-wisdom
saw the universe of men and things
 to be but emptiness,
 and thereby cut the bonds
 that caused his suffering.

From this wisdom then he taught

the emptiness of form --
that form is emptiness
and even emptiness is form --
wherever form arises, that is emptiness,
and no emptiness is found outside of form.

The same is true of sensing
and all workings of the mind
and this is even so for consciousness.

All dharmas -- all the things called real
 are in their deepest nature
 the uncreated primal void.

They are not born they do not die
 they are not stained or pure
 △
 they do not wax or wane.

So in this emptiness there is no form
 no sensing
 and no other workings of the mind
 nor even consciousness --
no eye no ear no nose no tongue no body and no mind
no forms no sounds no smells no tastes no touch
 not anything the mind can grasp
 nor any of the objects of the functions of the mind.
 No ignorance, no end of it --
 no knowledge or its loss --
 no withering, no death, no end of them.
No suffering, no cause of pain, no end of pain,
no Noble Path to lead from pain,
no knowledge is there to attain
 and all attainment, non-attainment too is emptiness.[△]

Thus the Bodhisattva, holding to nothing whatever,

relying only on the prajna-emptiness,
is free from hindrances therefore has no fear.

So likewise gone beyond all dreams
and all concealing thoughts

he reaches clearest Nirvana. [△]

All Buddhas of past and present,
all Buddhas of future time,
through faith in prajna-wisdom
awake to full enlightenment. [△]

Therefore know this mantra
the great Prajnaparamita
this unsurpassed and radiant true
supreme unfailing dharani
can end all pain forever
and is transmitted in these words:
gaté gaté paragaté parasamgaté bodhi svaha
gone gone to the other shore
gone gone beyond
awake, [△] awake, awake!

This is the heart of perfect wisdom.

△ svaha!
△ svaha!
△ svaha!

-- translated by Richard B. Clarke,
January 21, 1970.

*

Lindy Hough:

NEW YEAR

decade
 i most lived,
 fifteen to twenty-five,
 passing tonight. Gladly
 we come unto such ritual.
 Gladly we succumb
 to power of a year, of
 time. given any slip or

due, time clangs. i
 can't even hear
 the change, yellow
 paper screaming
 drowning the quiet
 fuzziness of
 marrow,
 source of all the
 ritual energy trooped
 by the hand
 to worship at the
 cave-court of
 Examined Perceptions &
 Complexities

marrow
 dark & rich, sucked out
 with tired cheeks to
 spread, burnish,
 on my thighs, a woman with
 one leg riding a horse
 looking at the sky

all night i've been trying
 to gather enough marrow
 for a new year's offering
 all bones empty, all

dirt unregenerative,
 marrow seeping out of
 my bones like eager soldiers
 seen from the air,
 mingling with grackle dung
 to spread in the sun
 at shadow's edge, four
 o'clock

They
 are trying to tell us
 to stop, to leave
 things as they were. Not
 to have a sense of history,
 or of the covers of history.
 To leave my bones as
 they are.

To cover my father's
 up again with
 the wreath, to re-
 string the chicken
 bones around my neck

their method is
 to interject
 something else in
 my mind, break any con-
 centration of powerful
 chemicals which may
 pile up

roots
 of social
 equality. Strength-
 pond of springing animals.
 I can carry my marrow
 in shiny red buckets
 toward the disasters
 of new years. Through
 the chlorophyll of
 a tubular stem i
 saw no food, no air
 but fed on my own

marrow, tried to
see through your fingertips
to get a fix on my time
through history, time
of the marrow shift

*

Carl Rakosi:

A TABLET AGAINST AGING

*

John Wieners:

(2 poems

UNGRATEFUL CITY

The young come pouring dreams over granite
walking after midnight avenues,
leaving no mark on brownstone or red brick, despite proprioception.

Our eyes, hollowed by death, watch from passing cabs and buses
for some mark, some sign this is more than home, where
outgrown enthusiasms litter sidewalk.

On Beacon Street at Arlington there is a statue
of a woman thrusting sustenance afloat,
"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou
shalt find it after many days." soggy true --

the motto reads under the fountain,
lit by street lamps where I took imagination
to bay, and would stand or stroll for hours

gazing at windows of the Hampshire House,
listening to music below, once even venturing in
to the cocktail lounge. A big shot in the 50's from my 9 - 5 job.

I have always looked to others for extensions of myself
I was unable to employ. Now faced with their death
I see the difficult heritage left and unexplained cause
of our friendship, as if stars cast glow upon each other

and when die, or burn out, the others, remaining
blaze more brightly on their own. Faced with an unyielding firmament
I remember friends of a generation ago, and see their eyes,
milky black and dawn blue, as if I knew heaven, too -- once.

THE TRAVEL OF IMAGINATION THROUGH TIME

a blue brooch
on the bureau,

a white cadillac
in lit yard

as flesh falls
before glass

in surprise, years pass un-
naturally, in object-

ion to calendars.
Time not measure

of man, but what he may do,
with himself, in this hour,

this minute, this instant --
false divisions of the moon,

the sun, mathematics.
Who to know

dark regions eyes see
we measure as ours,

on the street, in the city,
in bed, before time's awake

in the middle of blackness
when one lies alert

after an argument,
he may sense

the cautious breath of a friend,
presumably, also up,

in the dark of his house,
who alike hears your thoughts,

wondering; that is true meeting in eternity.
Not this petty worry

about days, months, proximities
to warmth. There are always fires

on earth, that burn immortally.

*

Stan Persky:

HUNTING-DANCING ON THE THOMPSON

It stays dark, I do my work, the blindingly white bark of the tree outside the window, as I watch them move their cars around a little, the ground is wet, they are brothers, in a blue shirt, a plaid mackinaw, the father is dead, drowned in that lake we pass, they did it, they have them, the mother and sisters, they have to find the father, somewhere, on the lake. One of them cleans the basement, where the lathe is, it has to be put back together, their father worked there, I draw a lamp, that is a turning of the wood, a smoothness, polishing, which brings out the soft grain, of wormwood, oak, the last red cedar that he had not gotten, which we saw at the grandfather's, horsing around, calling to each other, whooping, they do not notice, as I have to, each tree, which is part of the place in their eyes, the white fence across the street, the hills, dull, or pale brown, piling up, out back, a car goes by, above the highest bare branches a colorless sky, the old man, Ned, the grandfather, fitting the boy into, who married that girl, what was she like, he gets him to step up on the chair or stool, in the cabinet, or a high shelf, to bring down a couple of small carefully braided Indian baskets, soft with age, the beads deeply within it, these people who came with their lathes, and these others, who were here, are here, still in some way.

We come to Paul Lake, a lovely dark unmoving body of water, snow on the ground around it, some houses, hastily put together, some just cabins, but people do live there now, packed close to the road, woods immediately behind them, no fresh now for a shile, deep reflections in the water, of green, of white, piers half-sunken, a few small boats nearby, it's nice here, can you fish off the piers, yes that wouldn't be considered a silly thing to do, well then I'd just leave a line in the water and read a book all day, oh if you want to do that then you need a boat, gliding along the edge of the dark glass of it, the lake had been poisoned, then restocked, with trout, but eh probably don't do that anymore, or not having been here for ten years, noticing the new houses, the changes of the place, he points out, the main thing, a huge rock face, a couple hundred feet high, for a second, when he says, face, I look for one, seeing a mouth, and trying to put together the deep gouges, or creases in it, a bright brown, coming back, then we're coming back, it's darker, we're in the shortest days now.

Cup to lip again as the eye skims across a line, friends come, with beautiful eyes, clear skins, hair moving, going down the road, day after day, across

the town, under the tracks, to see blurred swans, patches of geese, of ducks, on the river, where little islands rise, spread, they settle, snow on the north shore, that's the Indian reservation, is it big, I want to know, well not too, how far does it go, some ways, how far? well, quite a ways, from the car, it's growing dark, a boy runs furiously out of one house toward another, jumping from the CN bridge, swimming, into the river, many-a-day, through the park, poking the weed-tangle with a foot, to turn over, snow-covered bottles, up a bath of grass, gravel, shopped coal, in the half-curtains, on windows, and door, green clover, and diamonds with yellow centers, a hum in the air, nothing moving at all, a park by the river with no one there, in mid-December, though there are people above, as they do the last of it, buying gifts, we walk past silent places, the fort, peek through stockade logs, ballpark, throw a snowball, pier that rises with the river, watching patch of ducks, blur of swans, as they lift, cloth-snapping, of wings, and swing over the water, we'll go up there, another day, pointing to the hills that back the town, to see what's happening.

The melting snow drips from the roof to walk, I have coffee and a book, as I look through the rooms to the light, a dull gray, no glare of electric, brighter, reflected, from the sky to the snow covered ground outside the sunroom windows, a large fern, on a stand, stands before the glass-squares of the door, a pale green, the room itself, between here and there, darkened, with fern, and chair, sideboard, piano, we get out of the car, the two of us and the kid from next door, with his gun, surrounded by white hills, to listen, for ducks, it is silent, we start up again, glancing at stubblefields snowed over, rubble of hacked-off brown stalks here and there, poking up, snow around, no ducks, after that circling trio, we stopped, to give the old man a ride, on Rose Hill road, driving over soft hills, grey sky, he'd walked to town to get a part--a clutch plate--for the truck--and was walking back, miles to go, past stubble-field, and ranch, the land fences, posted, through a woods, snow-gilted branch and twig, deeper into snow-ruts til we came to his huddle, shacks, sheds, barn, house, rented from the rancher, we turn, travelling back, watching for birds, and owl or hawk, a sudden lift, out of what was grainfield, of tiny ones, then back, to table, look up into ferns falling over pot edge, leaf and leaf, paired on fronds, touching the floor, and above, snow, a tree trunk, distorted in the wavering glass, in my dream he had written a book, in fact there was a flowering after a long period of nothing, he'd come home, as usual, weighted down, more books than could fit into the green book bag, awkwardly piling them onto a table too small, too cluttered, talking over his shoulder, they were fragments or little stories, one was dated, 'after returning from Denver, Colorado in December', it said, he made it out to be nothing, where he had been born, Denver, but not raised, coming home from work, with too many books, is it croak of bullfrog, frozen lakes, clear spaces of white, all the ducks gone in by late afternoon, dark already, to argue and gossip at Stone Lake, he woke up at night, that kid, and looked out of the tent, the kitchen, in the evening, kids like him, friends of her boys, drinking tea, eating things that have been baked all week, to see a circle of men, with scimitars, beating the ground, wearing white, lit by the moon, then it went up a tree, they shot it,

a porcupine, who had been chewing the leather off the saddles, they were in longjohns, the men, but hearing the sound, and seeing them, at first, in the moonlight, beating the ground, it had looked like something else.

After the shots, he actually could see the quick flash, it had gotten that dark, he let the dog go, scrambling down the embankment, and had, himself, followed, fast, fairly sure of his footing, even in thick mud, puddles of brown water, the slime curling around the gumboots, up to the boy, did you get one, the swans up, shrieking, almost across the river, against the hills, then he saw it, dark lump coming down in the current, the boy throwing a stick into the river, and the labrador bouncing on the bank, then jumping in, would the current take it down, the dog glided straight in, the swans still up, it was late, and dark, there was a light raining, off and on, his breath came back, it was okay, the truck sounds coming from the road on the other side of the tracks, they'd waited above, he holding onto the leather strap, had moved a little more under a tree, looking at the river, the dull sky, the trees along the river bare and gray, at the tops a russet color, broken white bark, then he was sloshing along the bank, fast, the dog shook himself, he had the duck, green phosphorescent head, talking to the dog, good boy, good, who bristled himself, shooting off drops of water.

Why make such a fuss, one says to oneself, then, for god's sakes, say what is first and foremost in your mind, I am afraid to jiggle it, for fear it will all fall apart, you will go, as in a dream, one scrambles back over the heap of everything, which piles up insistently, do you think there is some universe outside of what we call—the universe, at every step the whole thing groans, that holds us all, the house, each with his proportionate share, I put the bread out, standing there, at the back door window, a big man with a steaming cup in his hand, I wait, they don't come, why not, but stay in the bushes, they're fat, flitting back to the tall tree against the garage, something bright in its beak, just that they don't rush up to it, even though the bread's there, day after day, but mingle in the bushes, then dash to the fruit trees, the branches tinged red, wet, they'll have to be trimmed in spring, suddenly rising over the rail, in a flutter, not coming down, jiggling, there, we too, the shredded bits of paper by the bed, a best friend, stamping up and down, rearing his head, a little, in front of the mantle piece, light and birds, and birds fed, I pick up something, far away and full of simple facts, what time is it in New York, when there are so many of us in a room then I don't know if he thinks about me, she won't dance, she broods, dancing all about her, he tries to get her to move a little, we go on, through, what else is there, how do you feel about it, is it true, the hole in the wall is where I keep my all, the hole in the lotus is where I keep my motives, the-hole-in-my-heart-is-where-I-keep-ma-art, holding a glass, shifting around, backing toward the bookshelves, under a low ceiling, draped in paper, red, yellow, strings, the hole in the here is where I keep my fear—all the way down til—the hole in the hole is where I keep my soul, he's far away, what does it mean to me, we're waiting to say how we're feeling, on the windows, dew from the night, grains of light in translucent gray panels, if there is anything to pray to, anything to say, it's, he's free, there's nothing to hold

onto, where are we now, this morning, let him go, he's given you everything, he's free, a man, dancing before the tangled colored lights flat against the wall, jerking, bucking, the hole in the wall is where, we walk up from the river, toward the four-wheeler, bronco, roughrider, some man-name for it, sitting in the middle of a field, driving on no road, just across a wide horizon, bumping, the ground straw-colored, heading in, boy, that's a nice way to end it, yeah, the duck in my hand, the dog with us, the metal jeep-like thing sticking up in the field, we got what we wanted, his crotch ripped out, we waited, by the fence, the trees, he crawled in to get a shot, too high, then coming back towards us, along the tracks, long grey-tan pampas grass, the underpart of the pants torn, it pushes in there, a bulge, a slit, but some other underwear under it, we are out a little, from the river, not to scare them, he asks me something, what he'll do, I tell his future, goodbye now, hard wall of stomach muscles, no shirt on, there you are, simple, slow, sometimes I wish you'd hurry up, across the room, you dance with her, bucking, swinging, like those little paper men that have a simple movement, you push a stick, an arm and a leg come up on one side, all the limbs raise, now you're so close.

beginning of January, 1970

MILK and HONEY

(Mielle's Rag)

James Tenney
12/69

Not fast

Introduction

mp

A

A musical score for a bassoon, featuring four staves of music. The score is written in a 17-16 stave system, which is a standard bassoon staff system. The music consists of four measures per staff. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The second staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The third staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The fourth staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The music includes various musical markings such as dynamic markings (mf, mp, cresc.), articulations (trills, grace notes), and performance instructions (e.g., "2.", "B"). The score is presented on a grid of five horizontal lines, with the first and second staves sharing the top line and the third and fourth staves sharing the bottom line.

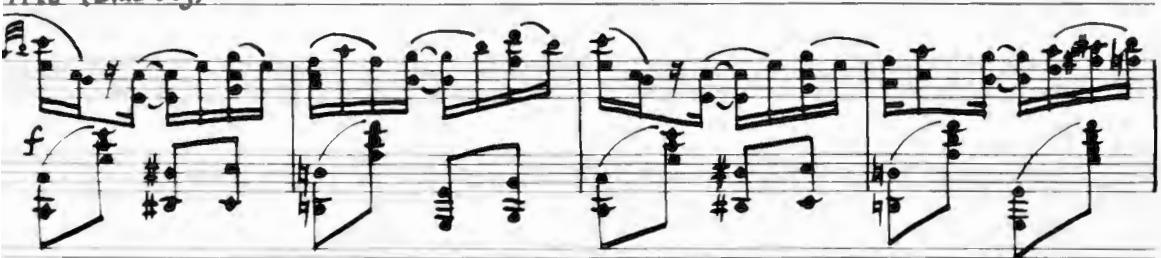


1.

2.



Trio (Blue Jig)



Return to "A", playing each section once only
(i.e. take the 2nd endings in "A" and "B", the
third ending in the Trio)

David Bromige:

(2 poems)

FOR ---

Four women in one day. Something
 like satisfaction--so I don't care
 that, for sure, it's not the world's record.
 Close? Well... I enjoyed myself. Enjoy/d.

(Later). Complications
 to be dealt with. (Later)

I wish I could burn out, if only for my poetry's sake
 (this persistent sexual charge--it's tedious)
 this sexual charge. What do I avoid,
 by such activity, confronting.

But none of them was the woman
 whose song must yet be sung
 whose eyes, all pupils, as if they strain
 to bring in all they can, whose eyes
 or is it some expression of the face, that hungry
 restlessness, that breathlessness
 whenever we meet, that haunted me
 as soon as seen, how could that be? Whose eyes--

who wouldn't fuck with me, or would, &
 wouldn't, or circumstances, that had made all possible,
 intervened, to make it not--somehow
 both at once, naked
 but with scruples, was I married then, was she

my wife's best friend? Or something stupidly
 out of phase between us, as I bent
 to furrow my tongue in her cunt when she
 being the girl she once was, involuntarily
 drew me back, or being the child, bent likewise
 so our skulls
 struck, waking us up, or I passed out
 because the liquor that'd let us kiss
 then screwed me--stoned
 & giggling, in the temple, at the notion that it is?

So even later, with the persistence of true love, in novels

together, late at night, a magic
 lantern of a room, screening her eyes, the slide
 of those thighs, net
 stockings, no, yet some pattern, yes,
 set, to be violated then, except
 that violation made a pattern too, craving violation--

maybe I saved myself
 (from what? what for?)

with intuition call it, suspecting that I couldn't,
 after, maintain distance, & how she
 would despise me for my need--damn her despite, but that
 it might cause her to deprive me of what then
 I desired not to live without? Or wasn't it a hunch,
 given her incessant list of conquests as they're called,
 one man to the next, & women, she knew
 I listened to, maybe she made some for no other cause--
 maybe she didn't give a shit--some hunch

she was, if not frigid (but isn't that
 a challenge?), then, congenitally
 incapable of knowing when she'd had enough, mistakenly
 taking her impulse, to be more, as sexual

always, does her allure
 arise from this, when she enters the restaurant,
 do I care? Shaking, thinking, not to shake, if I
 possessed her once, ('possessed', we say)
 would I be free--or by denying her myself,
 as few men surely have, do I
 lay this ghost, another way--

& either could be true, if I'd believe
 one, wholly, but how can I, the distraction of those eyes
 rendering belief impossible, except in them, that fact,
 they're present--though they suggest
 they're not, not wholly, they imply
 other places, other times, all one can imagine
 unimaginably re-aligned--I will

never have her, --or, I shall--
 all this is previous to the fingers, tremblingly seized--
 Enough
 never to be mine,
 but I have named the goddess
 & in singing her refrain is all
 the satisfaction I can know of her, as any man.

AN ASSIGNATION

So you came back, who gave me a dose
& left on another's pillion--Pillow
Pillory Depilatory the triple
limits hidden I hear--hidden hair--

say you are an intention to play me false,
the force you play on to your end
stays true, although to save myself I would deny it--

hiding behind my fear of real potentialities
I've a mind to imagine, disease

domestic disharmony, mental dis
equilibrium,
or my companion
for my companion, or doesn't
that mean, merely, more quiet days for myself

--what does life care
for all my carefulness, what if
I wish you'd never crossed my path in words
now that you have

or if I flex my will tomorrow & don't go
to meet you as I did today,
'fail to show' they say, --they know
what they're saying
as do these words, --which would be sensible

in that act life is failed
though life is also this,
these thoughtful balances I must
one way or another act to
overthrow,
& yet to save myself
from altering
I'd close my ears
to risk
becoming more myself,

nothing is clear but the force
that means I don't have to go it alone,
that makes me acquiesce or
in misery deny that it exists--

the bliss or misery I can't foresee
I'm certain of, the force
measured either way, where nothing can
protect itself, but life, to live.

*

Richard Grossinger:

NOTATION

(from The Book of The Cranberry Islands)

"However we interpret the evidence, its relative truth depends on its internal coherence. We may therefore say that any magical recollection is genuine if it gives the explanation of our external or internal conditions. Anything which throws light upon the Universe, anything which reveals us to ourselves, should be welcome in this world of riddles."

The Master Therion says ANYTHING, but he is a quick one to quarrel with the Christian Scientists as sophists devoid of power or notion of consequence, so we shall set our standards within the work, not Rothenberg's total translation, but the translation of the immediate data into the manifold synapses of usable space. It does no good to receive a Maori or Tlingit poem in the mail along with a translation from the age of Malinowski or before and be told to translate the English out of Victorian with the knowledge that it is Maori, etc. To be encyclopedic is to pursue meaning, not to arbitrate it. To be interested in total translation is to speak from the deep structure out into the voice, but not to pretend to alter the voice without knowledge of the underlying syntax of the language, the preverbal which lies as energy behind any work. So that when Olson says we are members of the Navaho culture too, and do not destroy its internal relevance by borrowing from Wyman, or Reichard, or Beautyway, I take him to mean on the level of deep structure to deep structure, in a region where voice resides in pure human syntax and can go either way with the material, as we sometimes find in a dream we can speak or read a language we have never known, and some people have even done it waking, or is it that they learned a language in two hours without Berlitz. I take it to mean that when we begin fooling around with morphs and semes and juggling them we are operating in the realm of pure probability, algorithm without even the interest of IBM speed. We are merely shuffling the semblance of meaning, the shells of meaning, outside of a realm of syntax. We are in fact destroying the poet who makes poetry, replacing him with what we did as children before we could make our words cohere, taking 'ponies' to Latin class, which is okay if you're going to gallop at full speed, but Rothenberg and crew keep them under the desk hoping the teacher won't see. And all their translations sound as frighteningly alike as those Victorian ones they have moved out of because, as Chomsky would see at once, there are no strings, no phrase-markers, no transformational subcomponents. Which means no poetry and no Indians.

And when we ourselves were on the Hopi Reservation several years ago, intending to do fieldwork there, we found the place over-run with anthropologists, missionaries, and tourists, and by far the Indians were most bothered with the anthropologists who operated under the pretence of Hopi relevancy to glean what

was necessary for their theses, theories, etc., or the Indians saw it as a form of imperialism, taking Hopi things without necessarily digging Hopi things, understanding aside here, and using them to underwrite positions in their own societies and big white houses in Michigan, and so on. It turned out, in fact, that although we too were there to collect old Hopi things still extant, we found the main action to be between Hopis and anthropologists, including a large part of the economy, known as informants' fees, and we were forced to give up our goal of salvaging elements of Hopi mythology and Hopi religion in order to seize the one bit of poetic space, the one bit of fieldwork left: Hopies, missionaries, anthropologists, and Arizonans, and Americans, and this is our Book of the Hopi, and what I take to be the claiming of poetic space: that work is necessary and never merely sufficient. Only a person to whom being in the space of the Hopi is necessary will find himself in the Hopis' space, whether he speaks Hopi or not, goes to the Hopi reservation or not. And what is wrong with "technicians of the sacred" is just that ruleless universal condition, that makes it impossible to read Jung or Leary also without feeling that the imagination itself is being stolen right from under our eyes, and being replaced by well-trained, well-dressed young men out of computer school, who care nothing for the DANGER, and think that because we have escaped nature with our machines.

*

Donald Phelps:

Part One, Chapter Two of
a novel called THE WRINGERFaircloth Continued

On the BMT last evening getting off at the Bushwick Aberdeen station one of those memorial posters adv. Martin L. King black border, his face. The china marker I use for envelopes etc. in my pocket I very quick scribbled O U NIGGERBABY  after I don't really know why or even how I did it so fast. Bugged about that damned nigger in the office I mean MacLain or whatever his name that fucking pushing I still feel it that awful impulse sort of to PUSH BACK in my mind it goes on and on his smiling knowing everythg. Wish I could draw ribbons or doves or something that King poster just so it would be funny at least not like some subway moron. Easier than I thought, like flowing out of my hand, the crayon, as though melting.

Then walking up the stairs, the subway, this other niggerfuck janitor or maintence pushing broom starts yapping at me courtesy so I should jump from his fucking broom fucking servant not even that I'd never hire him fucking job an ape could do do better I wish he had to sweep all the drunken puke heaving of ten years that night

It's like those goddam letters were more in me than ever like my skin, my guts in there hands, Bud and that lousy smartass nigger

I wish the fuck I'd made that call to Mr. B. it's no fucking good now I could still do it, though, I couldn't do anything but wait but no more, that lousy nigger pushing me back, I think of him and Morris the letters reading together laughing hitting each othe cun t ha ha nigger monkey lips

Tried to phone Morris last night wish I could at office instead NO DIAL TONE FOR HALF AN HOUR Maybe send the Phone Co. letter How about equal opp for white persons who can read English no hear English (undersand) Have to ask for info in spanish next those COCKSUCKERS MONGRELS CAN KEEP ME FROM TALKING Like some greasy hand or something pressing on my mouth chest movies I wished to hell I could of gotten operator after that 90 minutes 8 she gave me lip Id fucking tell her off I know it her bawling sniveling after 2 seconds if she didnt hang up the dirty crud dike bitch I feel my tongue long point go up into her cunt on like flamethrowr burnng blacking her the hair burning stink blood jizzum spurting

Started giving myself hardon thinking abt her cunt pearcing then her (?) hand over my mouth looking at phone receiver my spit on round black shining Real almost 6 inch hardon was going to jerk off right then but thogt better got out of copy of The Collector (couldnt find it at first of course, I wanted to) and tried to wait til got to one of the tying gag parts almost started to come while Creepy talking narrative but held on until M appeared then good thinking of her her hair all over page not bad book best when Creepy is talking later on too much the same mystery suspense

No Bud yet

No Nigger

I told him that I had Xerox copies could have made some no no not on the office machine dumbhead But he'll have to at least make sure no good without me anyway

Bigmouth bitch W. talking to Jose mailboy: But you don't mind other people dying Fucking fatass I'll know her from now on I tag her Talks about "discussing" she discusses she shoots off her ass A pacifist shes pacifist like I'm a rock singer Jose just a dumb kid still I blame him for talking to her asks him if he believes in war why the fuck doesn't she ask a soldier she's a fucking pacifist if I'm President Nixon

She makes me damn sick they all do I feel them closer and closer every day peeking in my desk comments why don't I put things this way or that way all they know all they care is getting hooks on you gluing you I feel they've got me already fucking MORRIS MORRIS ILL if he doesn't You don't care if other people why ask him if she wants to know so fucking cheap dad would have said just show off her knowledge debate ability haha

I feel like cellophane around my eyes mind I can't every time anyone at desk I'm like slow motion thinking I smell cigar smoke

I don't want to kill anybody & I don't give a fuck who kills who I know what I can do 8 I know who I can do it to fucking Bud Morris WHERE

I thought of B ten times today Wish now I didn't think that damn telephone call makebelieve killed something would have been better I did it not thought of I could do it I could now though I think of putting my coat around her thinking like movies walkg past Copper Kettle thought about watching Thomas Crown dull movie not like us the bridge on the Charles River covered thought of walking through it thought of both raping & rescuing both at once the covered bridge on the Charles my prick foreskin twitching The brown coat

It happened again

The phone Dopey Billy going for it I was going to let him grabbed if if he had grabbed no no different theyd have asked for me

"Mr. Faircloth?" young girl's voice careful enunc.

"Yes"

"I'm calling to remind you of your appointment tonight with Dr. Rapaport. Doctor will be in his office between eight and nine."

I was thinking Dr Rettig, dentist from two years back had to think different name Said I have no doctor Rappaport

"That's impossible sir. Your letters made it clear you wished an appointment."

I like drumming singing Rappaport Rappaport this jew 8 my letters
I said You don't have my letters Frikking fool

I don't know if she hang off said anything or what Then kind of deep actorlike rough jewish voice Mr. Faircloth there?

I said I don't know loud or soft how You haven't got my letters Mr. Rapaport.

He says Doctor, doctor, please kind of laughs. snorts. Says Mr. Fair

cloth shall we go on with this conv. over the phone or have you got a public address system I can use? Some more, mean, evil, just the voice, like a saw going Mr. Faircloth see here, I've wasted time on you and that pal of yours Now you better waste some on me. I shall be here at 65 DeSales Place. Get your ass over here!

I went back back to my desk Rappaport Rappaport in my ears, his voice saying different things that loud rough like an actor he didn't let me say anything didn't let I felt I was nervous thinking someone going to say something felt like everything quiet around me my ears thick I stomach fainting no hold together I felt like going through tunnel BMT under the river hardon I used to get from the noises the subway screech groan why? Now I'm being pushed it isn't like anything I looked for expected everything pressing on me Jesus Jesus Nothing I do will make any difference It was like that, like a dream feeling looking at myself in a dream **NOTHING WILL MAKE ANY DIFF** Rappaport Bud Morris

What will I do What good writing this Please

Walked over to DeSales Place last night longer than I thought remembered. Big, open over by Eastern Pkwy past stores, bars some houses all falling crumbling sometimes just piles of boards, shingles a house burned down spick or nigger kids playing matches or oil burner fences half standing posters, pieces of Mongo Santamaria Isley Bros. Roseland thought about the night if I was watching those guys somewhere else long ago tonight instead of Rappaport going to see Rappaport

I wished I was walking at night with E it was like night with E the smell of cars spring wearing jacket her sweater pants mine flapping bare legs spring itchy going to see Rappaport Easter Pkwy big open street cars going by every direction past the yard Pilling St tombstone cutter Halverson Drugs closed down one window boards grill spicks & niggers that fucking black open Eastern Pkwy the El overhead black wish wish cars going I felt on the sidewalk even cars coming every side DeSales Place over way over across the street

Doctors dentists offices in a row used to be more died or closed out 65 DeSales house like others stoop iron fence yard light downstairs basemt shades down

Man opened real skinny PR hornrim glasses holdg magazine janitor? landlord? Parlor inside office doctor? what kind?

I said Dr. the fuck turned away first

magazines on the thing cassock? cushion parlor chairs black wood walnut? like our big table at home pink wallpaper blott looking picture of sea glass top table more mags kids grownup

Smell smell like liniment bengay? tried to hear next room bead curtain white door

I heard 2 little kids outside couldn't hear words just voices street

My heart I rocked back & forth the chair leather squeaking a little Said words no meaning like I say sometimes Tash woopie or womack just under my breath not so fucking tight watching people watching

Door (not white one) opens pretty colored (!) looks in tall almost as me Doctor will see you now My head rocking I thought if he is a doctor wanting to see me if its all something different not what I thought yes yes

He was in other room little tiny room glass bookcases black books gold letters medical? Smell smell ointmnt somethng books more mags different big bound books picture on desk woman kid

He was sitting there big face jewish? not so much old saggy big Said That's an interesting lurch you have Arthur

I tried to think head going all apart Bogart Widmark how? how? no use try to be what I am just straight straight but where?

Motions to me big hand Sit down Arthur, take those papers off the chair. Sleepy eyes grey closed window says It's a shame with this lovely spring evening, even if the outside is not so lovely

And I thogt its just like a doctor then no no its not like a doctor at all it's not like anything couldnt say why just fucking open open cold

Sits down says kindly burps a little covers What's all this horseshit Arthur you don't mind that sort of expression? Moves chair back from window My nuralgia turns I see stickng back of ear pink shell thing hearing aid like now little pink nose

Dont fret now about a thing Arthur, I'm very patient & I intend to be I'm a prof. man I thoght yeah a fucking proff. pimp a blackmail didnt dare show almost didnt couldnt think mouth twitching Why dont you say something for a change Arthur is writing more in your line?

Dont think of what he says say something keep talking I said I'm alright Did you want to talk business? I'm ready to.

He says What's up then Arthur? You can trust me or you can fuck off if you don't but I'd like trust me of course. Stands up hands in pockets movie doctor only no white smock grey suit I'm not even a violent person nor am I any sort of a slob like that pal of yours he's quite a card isn't he, Arthur? I don't care for him, do you? loud monotone Turns to me Arthur, I wish you'd look comfortable.

My fucking mouth I don't feel comfortable Sir. SIR

Arthur you aren't used to this I saw that right off, but let's think of ourselves as 2 businessmen I couldnt his loud voice monotone on on Arthur your pal what's that name

Bud

Arthur this Bud is a middleman plain and simple and I myself am a middleman. What might that mean? Goes on doesn't look at me Arthur this does not work out. It never pushes lips like kissing never works out.

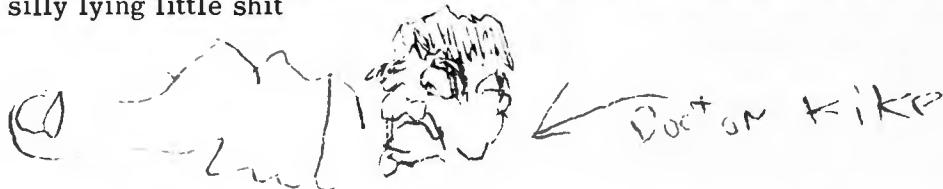
I wished wished Id thoght about some fucking speech bluff I was scared to just wanted away away I wanted to fall into something out dissolve I said Doctor I I want to talk like a business too stupid too fucking dumb you dumb smuck

He says now I know you do Arthur you simply have to put things out of yr mind which is something Im expert at we can help each other a lot no doubt Arthur how many of those goddamn copies do you have? of those letters

I began to lips bubbub try to speak that fuck suddenly turns on me angry Eberhardt jew bastard high school math he says Oh fuck off Arthur dont keep up that act I dont like it one bit! Hits table I fall apart flip I say I didnt mean feel like bawling the dumb ugly jew fuck I said I meant to I want to

He says How many copies Arthur dont think now, just lets have it

I said theres four
 He said That's what I thought there aren't any are there now Arthur? Just
 a silly lying little shit



I said There are I've got them I hoped that just the stammer dumb sounding
 hed think it must be true Just waved his hand didnt look at me I know I know
 Arthur where do you get yr fucking nerve I'm telling you no I'm asking you
 for chrissakes he says this shmuck is a middleman why deal with him Arthur?
 And this bullshit about copies dont do that Arthur kind again (oh sure) You
 know this friend this nice Bud Arthur hes stupid hes ignorant hes cruel and
 hes greedy & now Arthur that your in this game you can least afford a 2bit
 creep like that believe me

I wanted to be with him I thought Im in it feeling that warm pulling like Im
 sick again like the telephone Im in it why Morris why not this guy hes old he
 knows jews those wise doctors TV all jewish bullshit but?

He says lets get it off the ground, Arthur. Do you deal with me or whozis?
 I have to know & you haveto make your mind up which I assume you can do Im
 not a violent guy as I say Arthur he says the war it took 70% of my hearing
 even with this thing its not too hot

I thought about watching Ironsides TV just sitting there he reminded some
 how watching what I want to hearing what

I said Id like to do business with you I really would did he hear me? did
 it mean did he believe

He looks at me close the pores in his face Arthur keep in your mind this
 is more serious business than most Reaches out no touches me my stomach
 watch out for that walk Arthur I sense a spastic colon can you feel anything
 move in there I couldnt answer heard him saying sit down Arthur the carpet
 keep yr head between yr knees Howd you make out with the draft Arthur the
 carpet heard squeak wheeze his laugh I know didnt look the carpet
 Just dont fuck with us Arthur you alright you feel like letting go its a cheap
 rug no thats the good fellow

Not my voice weak old man Ill sign when I feel better

Not a thing to sign old sock his finger under my collar just his finger
 lift my head afraid of his hand my chin cheek Keep it well in mind old man.

Dont jesus dont start bawling your through you scabby yellow fuck fucking
 fink I wish he did grab you I wish he yanked it tore it

Remember my number Arthur I'll remember yours.

Had to change the pillowcover, all yellow damp. Lousy night not really
 dreaming not really asleep or awake I dreamed thought? about E, that
 Rappaport was giving a party somewhere in like an apartment but out in the
 street too, with El stations and Morris was there they were giving it for me &
 I said can I bring E & they said (no Rappaport said) sure we all like E he was
 kind, smiling & Morris was friendly & they said dont get into any more trouble

with those letters I said it's too late they laughed said no its not we put them away safe with the manager of Loews Gates Theatre you know that & I said I know that! & I felt glad but even then I was kindof thinking as I was dreaming (heard you cant do that but no you can, I did) I was thinking no this is wrong this wont work, he didnt, the Nigger didnt promise!) but I went anyway to look for E & I thought I met her a couple of times, but looked like that chick in The Collector (the flick) and I stopped to look at stills in some movie lobby & the stills began coming to life, but then I turned over, my shoulder itched so I thought halfawake Gee to think it was that easy & then it came clear

I got so fucking furious when I realized, I started like a kid thrashng turning in bed wrapping the sheets around me then I began thinking my head hot itching about her & turned this way some more that way some more then we were fucking or trying to or going to her bringing my head into her tits & then under her dress up the legs & I was thinking its wonderful but how could it? I said like remembering what about the Nigger, but it was different this time, she said Oh him not that but something like that & she pointed to this little kid nigger kid about four or five & said Dont you like him, isnt he cute, or the same thing I realized I felt like a warmth the touching of her skin her skin with the nigger kid I felt her skin in my skin It was like something I never knew when I was awake I knew then that it wasn't.

I woke up with my heart going but not like before not disappointed pissed off. But like a voice I have to get those letters back from Morris not knowing whether Rappaport or what LIKE A VOICE BUT NOT CONSCIENCE BUT LIKE WHAT HAD HAPPENED THAT VOICE IN MY MIND

And like the same thing voice I had to call her scared & tight at the same time like seeing myself in front of the phone

I was scared to use the phone my phone bugged or overheard but most of all the quiet I didnt want to hear myself too much so moving around putting on my socks bedsprings poking my ass or lumps of some kind no fucking phones nearby at all broken & those yellow stickers on them fucking mongrels bastards the phone cos & the bastards who wreck them I walked up the street the card store closed diner same only across the street fucking Vics saloon lighted. I walked in through the smell of beer leather jackets, air cond Hush Woody Herman I think should I buy a beer niggers & PRs move on through not looking at eyes smiles look at everybody private eye movement

Waiting for cat inside booth did she call him back (he) sticker on the booth Israel autopsies thought of Rappaport again Rappaport

Foot outside the booth had trouble closing fucking had to dial 211 first just remembered the charges to Boston long dist then see if I had change if not get out get a beer somebody walks in uses phone

Had too much, put it all in anyway

Thought its 2 AM tried to think of time Boston compared to time NY realized I never knew it

Her voice hello who's this?

Arthur. Ellie?

Her voice slow like pulled out How ARE you? I thought I didnt she says a little laugh

The words on top of me like so fucking heavy I hadnt thought hadnt seen

myself I said are you do you be funny or
She said Arthur are you okay? I couldn't imagine gee where are you girl
nervousness laughs gee are you calling from New York now

I said Yeah I wished it was No from Brooklyn.

She said Oh yeh you live there still you work in New York

I wanted like fucking hell to say the Nigger ask her but I couldnt I
couldnt ask her anything that was important

My lips thick, dry mouth like cloth gagging

But her voice was different was outside coming from the phone
the round black my breathmarks on it thought of her cunt my tongue I wanted
to I wanted to the first time ID EVER KNOWN to put lick but not to shove
not like something hardon but her voice her not like milk choc or oatmeal a
warm wet outside of me but my skin to it in another person somebody the
black and her soft cunt voice I thought I can now I can now & tried to tell her
her saying about some friends in Brooklyn or Brooklyn College a pressing on
my head the hair was mine & hers the telephone flowing sticky but I couldnt
tell her my head was pressing everything pressing towards what I had to say but
I couldnt say choking & I didnt know I wanted to bawl but didnt of course but
like running inside me & then I said I just wanted to wish couldnt finish I hope
your her saying No but are you are you really okay & the receiver my hand
cramped I fell back & heaved over my pants over the floor & had to move like
a bitch out of there

I phoned him, the number he gave me
He's still there.
I'm going tonight



He gets off the BMT, noiselessly cursing the engineers. His usual time. But glad of the freedom, the expectation of walking.

Before him, the poster of Martin Luther King; his writing now scrawled over, clumsily, by some maintenance man. Mutters, snarls, his shoulders moving now here, now there. But the china marker, black, is already in his hand. Its smoothness seems indeed, to draw his hand. There is hardly room, beside the covering scrawl, for what he intends to add. Yet, the suave gloss of the poster's surface picks up the glide of the marker, seems to guide his hand. A heart, ribbons, furled--if possible--underneath.

His eye catches movement in that glossed surface. His own shadow?

No.

Already, the movement is at his elbow, fear, preparation leap in him, it awaits his movement. As he turns, the other arm, the one not free, with it underneath, this arm is seized,

yanked back, using his weight, as he raises his other arm, a foot to his right shin knocks him offbalance, his elbow the other one, slams against MLK's suave, beseeching face. Shock spreads up his arm

as he, sensing the object grips his arm to him, tries to see his assailant, feels into him a furious pressure, deeper, deeper, than any pressure, an answering heave, like gas attack, tearing at his pelvis and rib-cage, mashing them together, his scrotum lifts, he feels no blood, just outrageous heat beginning to be pain, another tearing then, an insideout yanking of ribs and stomach and bowels as it is pulled out again, he catches the wall with his hand, swinging within his pain, operator, operator

Harvey Bialy:

a maze is many ways

seagulls strewn around the marina

storm death

of two days ago

(there was no electricity in most of East Berkeley
for two or more hours)

trees falling in Tilden

natural death

wings stretched and still wet they were
beautiful

"there is no dread
there is only the dissolution
& eternal ecstasy
in the kisses of Nuit"

then a feast for the birds
dead in the storm
it comes of being a seagull
is natural to
is congruent
is a part of meaning

to be that bird also

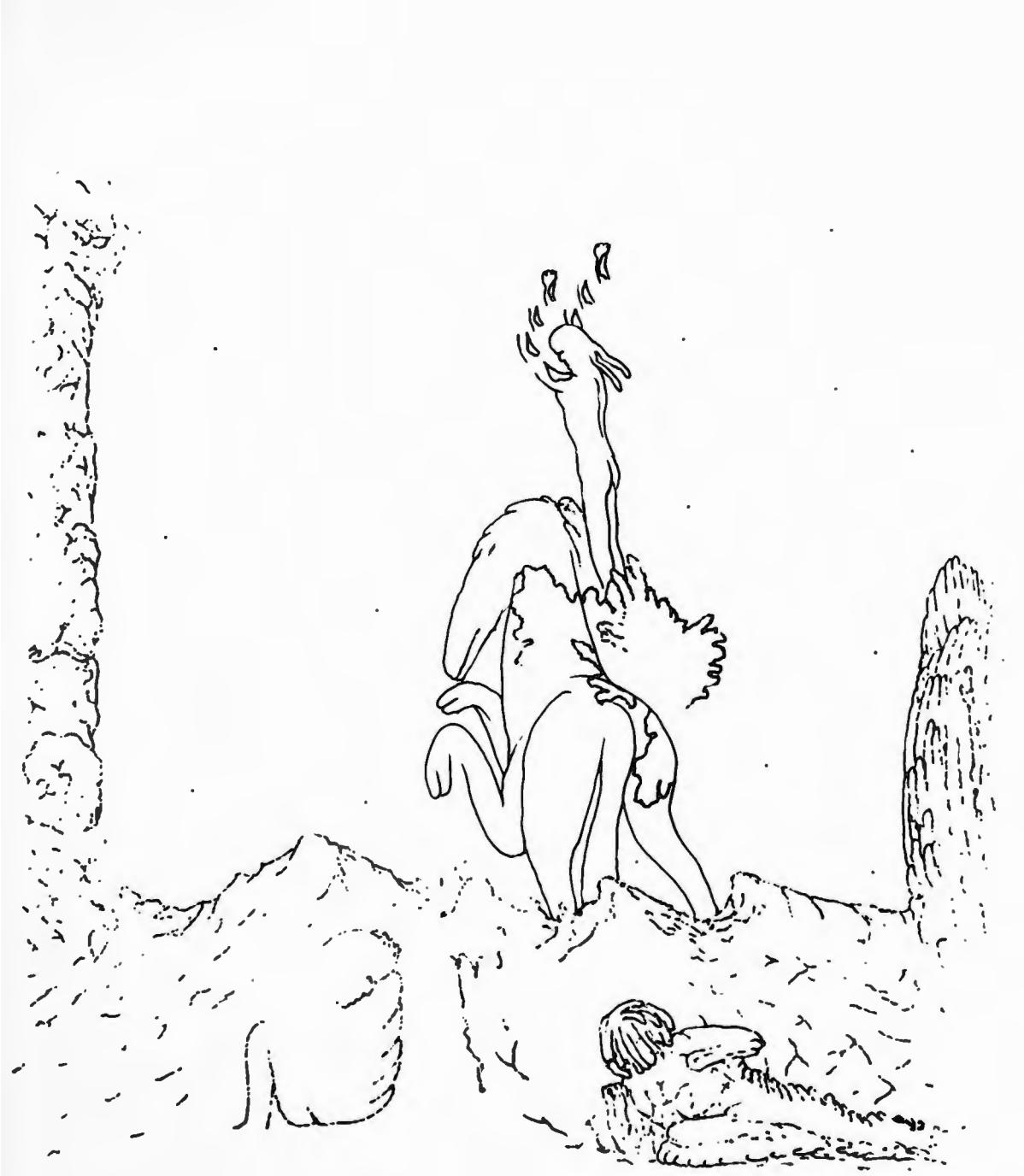
any only bird of poetry"

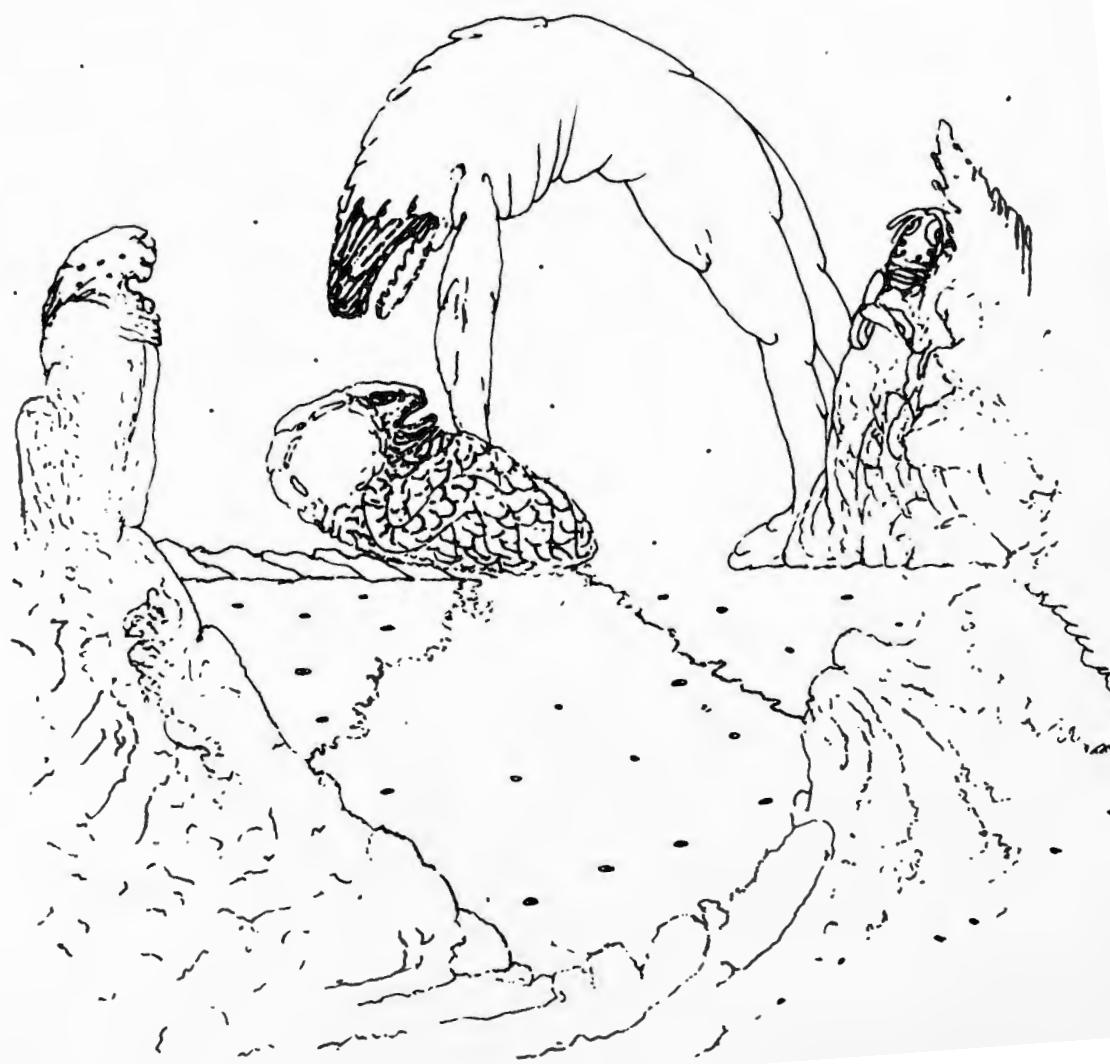
& to rediscover my wife there
walking thru the muddy grass near the water
our dog pointing out all
the dead gulls,

sunday afternoon
earlier I was reminded of the word tangent
by a friend's wife
& said it meant a line which touches a circle at only one point
tan / a way
gerere / to carry on

an infinite number of points one of which is also common to another
set of infinite points which are all the same distance from a single
point, called by Charles Olson, The Center / or the Gate











Gary Snyder:

SONG TO THE RAW MATERIAL

"I am one with my food"
eskimo dreaming of the game
they've killed,
afraid it don't want to be reborn
in edible form no more --

production, distribution, consumption.
the meat body's "changing body" --

space is fucking with time on the
edge of things!

meta-ecology or meta-economics

society / economics / politics / fucking
the meat -- "changing body" -- but fucking
crosses up all the lines :

a process ticked off .

chewing peanuts.

*

Theodore Enslin:

A CASE FOR HOMOEOPATHY

Sapere Aude

It is nearly a hundred and sixty years since the appearance of Samuel Hahnemann's Organon der rationellen Heilkunde, followed by its subsequent revisions---the sixth edition of which appeared in England in 1921. It has been out of print for many years, a conspicuous lack, not to say injustice. Read in any of the editions it is still viable, and in the proper sense of the word a 'great' book. The findings of latter day established medicine, at least those which are firmly based, are in great part prefigured in it, and more often than not, are not acknowledged in conventional circles, and have been poorly apprehended, and applied in inappropriate ways in many cases. The very simplicity of the guiding principles have been enough to put off many, who, though dedicated to research, seem incapable of ordering it in such a way that it becomes available for its primary purpose---the healing of the sick. Healing does not mean palliating a condition, perhaps with the use of some substance which produces drastic side effects, either at the time of the treatment, or later---sometimes in such a subtle and diffuse manner that the real cause of the trouble is not even suspected. In Goodman and Gilman's The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics (the standard textbook of established medicine) there are cautionary words in connection with nearly every commonly employed substance, from the most widely known, such as aspirin, to the latest tentative findings of biochemistry. In great measure, the chemists cover themselves in this way. The fault lies squarely with the doctors, who are more than apt to overlook these precautions---perhaps asking a patient if he has had any prior reaction to penicillin (how does the patient know if he has never taken it before?), but by and large experimenting upon a diseased organism, which also happens to be a human being in pain. From personal experience, and that of many friends, this is not an exception, but rather to be expected. There is the further disquieting fact: That very rarely do any two doctors agree as to the method of treating a chronic condition. If, for any reason, a patient must, or chooses, to go from one doctor to another, the second will almost invariably begin his treatment by contradicting everything which his predecessor has said or done. In complicated cases, several medicines or combinations may be prescribed, precisely in the many which has been in vogue for thousands of years. How is it possible to tell which substance caused reaction or interaction, if there is any? I realize that this is a re-echo of the earliest objections raised by the pioneer homoeopaths, but the greater knowledge of functions of the body, and a greater number of medicinal substances has failed to change the attitude of those who dispense them. We are accustomed to think that medicine has advanced to such a point that these mistakes in judgement are no longer possible. The fact remains

Medicine is still experimental, and in many cases as inexact as meteorology. Clearly, a great deal must depend upon the caution and intimate knowledge of his patient's total condition, by the practitioner, no matter what methods he employs.

The homoeopathic system lowers this experimental factor immeasurably through two simple rules: First, that any experimenting to be done is accomplished by volunteer drug-provers---those who experience the consequences of dosage while in a tolerable state of health, and who have been trained to record these experiences accurately. There is a clear understanding, at this point, that all applicable symptoms are to be considered, and ranked as to their relative importance in the particular case, and that there are no diseases, merely diseased persons---a basic contention of Homoeopathy from its earliest beginnings. In other words, a great deal of work must be accomplished by the physician in order for him to even think of prescribing a curative. The whole person is taken into consideration, not an abstract disease. In many cases, there will be no particular difficulty in finding the correct medicine---in others it will be a very delicately decided and arduous procedure. If one follows the dictum, *Similia similibus curantur*, (like cures like) there is no question but what there is a curative simillimum; the job is to find it. At times, mistakes are made, but these can be reduced to a minimum, through both a scrupulous ranking of the symptoms according to their importance, and the experience of the doctor. This is quite different from the attitude of the usual busy physician who decides after a few minutes with the patient, and a cursory review of the most apparent symptoms (which may not be the most important ones) 'Mr. X. has such and such, therefore he can go to the drugstore and get the following. Next, please.' Mr. X. has his own, particular X variety of whatever his complaint may be, and it may call for entirely different measures than the same (apparently) 'such and such' from which Mrs. Y. may be suffering. Too often, this is completely ignored, or, if acknowledged at all, in only the most superficial manner. In either X's or Y's case, a homoeopathic prescription would be given individually---one simple substance---or if more than one is required, in alternation, and at such intervals that the effects do not coincide---and in as small a quantity for the entire cure as is possible---a substance amply proved by many well persons, before it is dispensed.

Second: That the dose is the smallest possible amount which will act therapeutically. There is a long history of discussion in and out of homoeopathic circles as to the question of the dose, and much said for and against the so-called 'high dilutions' which may reduce a substance to less than a decillionth of a drop. The contention of some chemists has been that after a certain number of dilutions a substance disappears completely. Hahnemann, on the other hand, insisted that many substances actually gain in potency by such dilutions, given the proper vehicle. I am not competent to argue this point, but clinical evidence of cures effected by 'infinitesimal doses' would seem irrefutable, and there are countless thousands of these. As to the actual amount used, individual physicians have always had their preferences, and there is no fixed scale applicable to all cases. Established medicine has recognized the principle of small doses, finally, but what it calls small is usually many times larger than the homoeopathic dose, and often this is true of an identical substance. As corollary to this, the repe-

tition of a dose is not to be made until all of the action of a prior dose is exhausted. I do not think that this principle is followed by many usual practitioners.

A matter which disturbs me, personally, is the reliance of the contemporary pharmacopeia on synthetic substances. It is argued that only in this way can a standard of purity be maintained, and if there were no other side to the question, it would be a very comforting thing to rely on a fixed formula. Unfortunately there are other factors, many of them unknown, which do govern reactions, and some have simply lumped these together as an 'x' factor. Apparently there are some things which can be synthesized successfully, and perhaps in a few cases, some which are superior. There are also others which in synthetic form cause side effects, in some cases highly injurious ones. Our mass productive methods for the most part refuse to recognize this. The homoeopathic assembling of therapeutic materials is certainly as careful as the synthetic manufactures of drug laboratories. As long ago as 1853, Dr. Constantine Hering, in his manual Suggestions for the Proving of Drugs on the Healthy, says, "The purity of the matter to be proved is of great importance, and we should take the greatest care, and spare neither labor nor expense, to obtain it, or its preparation, in its most perfect state. This we can do the more readily, as we require a comparatively small quantity." and further, speaking more particularly of the collecting of botanicals: (they should be) "collected at the proper season, (and what our forefathers paid more attention to) at the right time of day." This care has always been exercised in the collection of all homoeopathic substances, so that with following tests before the materials are used, there is little danger of substandard results. And, too, the fact that a very small quantity is needed to manufacture a great many doses, the need for mass production is nearly obviated. My knowledge of all these matters is limited to that of a concerned layman, but I find proofs, daily, of the dangers of a disregard for these precautions. The literature of standard practice itself is its most damaging negative evidence.

It is unfortunate that at the present time there are only a limited number of homoeopathic practitioners in the United States---the enthusiasm of the last century has dwindled, through a thoroughly unwarranted impression on the part of many that Homoeopathy is somehow old fashioned, and that it is more up to date to rely on the latest wonder drug as a panacea. These drugs have a way of coming into fashion---and then of falling into disfavor, confronted with something new, or quite often, something old which has been suddenly rediscovered, and then of being reinstated when it is found that the new discovery was not quite all that it had seemed to be. Homoeopathy actually has kept pace with the standard profession in point of view of knowledge. A homoeopathic physician must go through exactly the same training as his standard brother---then he must learn another skill to implement his basic medical knowledge. Actually, there is no basic quarrel between schools here, and I was amazed at the reactions of some doctors to whom I talked and wrote at the beginning of these researches. There were some who admitted that there was 'something in it,' a middle class who were lukewarm, and evasive, and some who were violently opposed. For whatever it is worth, in almost no case had the doctor any real acquaintance with the literature, the basic procedures, or history of the accom-

plishments of Homoeopathy. There are many good doctors who often employ semi-homoeopathic methods without knowing that they do, and there are others who admit to certain leanings in its direction. There is a third group, unfortunately small, who later in practice come to Homoeopathy through dissatisfaction with standard procedures, often as a direct result of a condition of their own which has resisted usual treatment, and has been cured by homoeopathic means. The present widespread neglect is unfortunate on many counts. Historically, the loss of much valuable knowledge has occurred through neglect of 'settled issues,' and when interest revives there is a scurrying to old sources to find out just how much has been lost. Fortunately, there are several centers in the world today, notably India, where the interest is widespread enough to ensure a steady advance.

It appears to me that a reinvestigation of Homoeopathy by the medical profession and informed laymen, all of us potential patients, is in order, now. The many dissatisfactions with other standard procedures which produce imbalances in ecology wherever we turn---from insecticides to the loss of oxygen-bearing plankton, smothered by millions of acres of highways, or through pollution of seawater, should lead to a through re-evaluation of an identical destructive pattern in medicine. The concept of similars is one of the oldest in the history of the race. It does not appear in all cultures, and all periods by accident. Truths are wherever we may find them, and in whatever state of development; and an old truth is no less valuable on this account than something discovered yesterday.

*

Robert Kelly:

GLAD YODS

a book of concealment & apertus,
for Helen

1

this that the waterman
gushed
(gieshed
we would have said
in another german)
was not water

it was a sparrow
finding itself clean
revealed
only by the fact
(act)
of its motion,
the so-called

bath in our dust
(o freres of the spirit)
in our atmosphere

Electricity
is the meaning
the content of Aquarius
(I mean the bird

looks at itself in the water

Samothrace that early island
sickle in the water my friend
you would hardly have remembered
was the place where your engagement

signed its contract. Yes yes
they cried, show us the unburnt
antler, the flesh where the fire
swept out september grasses

& you still had the melody in hand.
O yes adversity is a precious
teacher, a sunburnt yachtsman
who hardly knows what it means

to make an honest living.
But you know, and I'm with you.
So many ways we could have got it
wrong we finally got right.

women dont have that kind of karma

you said & I believed.
 It was a strange day
 when I estranged a friend
 by my clodhopping meat-hammer
 salami-slicing old home truths

& still went up to the happy
 up part of the house happy,
 unhassled, almost rejoicing,
 past the dark rooms
 where all afternoon the forms

of the Abramelin demons
 took shape & shifted,
 lunged &
 generally carried on
 (dark), companions
 of a ritual

I hardly knew I practised

& there I was with your
 truth on my mind,

I carry burdens
 that maybe have nothing to do with the day
 & maybe you too
 carry
 out of the night (passage
 between identities) something
 more than you know,

an obligation
 (I would sometimes make it)
 to stand & not be understood,

a silent shape that envelops you
 & takes you past
 the corners of our masculine eyes.

The best thing today was fucking you
in the living room for the luxe of it

the luck of you I smell still on my cock.

A snapshot from Vietnam
some boys in the jungle
from Utica, New York,
wondering how deep the snow is home,

wanting a couple of quiet
beers, blood on their hands
not glad about it, just
the way it is, you lift
the glass, some dribbles

& where can it dribble but your chin.
The world
is not mysterious enough,
we have tried to be clear
& have been very clear indeed,

there are things money cant buy
& things it can.
We have bought those things
& kept quiet about the others.
Now the boys in the snapshot want some

& what they think they want is home.
You will get home naked & undone,
companions lost. We have
heard it before. It didnt help.
What else does the paper say ?

I consider with you the figure of Aquarius,
the waterman or Ganymede, the cool
unloving friendly boy
who pours the charm of his company into our heads.
Electricity, as I said before,
a power well worth looking into
with our cat eyes & our big fat books.
The armory of Eden had that consolation,
something to switch on & off, a current
in our control. I call it sex
& dont know the first thing about it.
But we can use it, or it uses us,
or I look at you in bed & forget the whole thing.
Helen. Or what should I call you
who turns me on & forgets the switch.
Summer lakes in thunderstorms, zickety zack.
It pours out. It pours out.
How you looked this morning
pours out of me like stars.

Ardors.
Insane birds
riding the lightning
to what they think
is safety. A nest
in a doomed tree.
Insane birds
riding the vowels
down to a king's
doom.
Listen to me.

\int_s^h because we're so smart
 \int_s because we're intellectuals

Could you do what my friend did,
tie himself up in a tree & hang there
hungry & thirsty & horny for nine days

or my other friend
who tells me stories soon as I wake up
sometimes I'm late to work I listen
so hard he's really
interesting

about the girl in the subway
or the story of the steeplejack
the birds brought him pizza he wiped his
hands on a passing cloud, could you?

And if you couldnt & I cant,
why do we possess a systematic
collection of sounds called language
& some ways or more or less
writing them down? Dont any of us
care about the music?
Or did you learn from history
something you didnt dare to tell me?

Mao, well,
I could dream about power
& disguise my power as love
& give it to you all
right between the eyes.

There is a place that dreams in us
& if we are decent then it has no power
or not enough to make me
kill you for its sake.

I am impressed by a story I remember
about a plumber who fell on a pipe & died.
His widow told us, clinically,
when we wondered why nobody fixed our sink.

We're still wondering. There is a power
in us that is clean & not confused,
it shits history but doesn't eat it,
it makes use of death & does not die.

I have imagined it gladly, expanding
beyond all contradiction, knowing you & me
will have in the course of things to die,
knowing that other thing, beneath
notice, this afternoon, our bodies together.

Silver water
such as we saw
in the rain
off Stinson.

Silver water
such as juices
the light I
turn on.

Silver water
such as we remember
when we forget.
An urn

for centuries,
we
are the precipitates.
It begins.

The birds
are at the skirts
of winter
& other medieval

colors
fleck the still
water as the sun
rushes past.

Suns. Lunes.
Aches of agents
& passive moans.
What pours

ables us.
This is about
potency.
Is about you.



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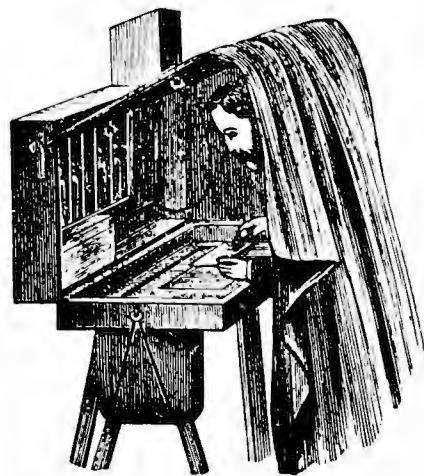
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